







GOOD-NATURE,

AND

*OTHER TALES.*

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Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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# GOOD-NATURE:

OR,

## SENSIBILITY:

AND OTHER TALES.

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BY MISS AIMWELL.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we form'd  
One contradiction—the continual sport  
Of fighting pow'rs? Oh, wherefore hast thou sown  
Such war within us—such unequal conflict  
Between slow Reason and impetuous Passion?

THOMSON.

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VOL. I.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1822.



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# GOOD - NATURE;

OR,

## SENSIBILITY.

A Tale.

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Careless their merits or their faults to scan—  
His pity gave ere charity began.

GOLDSMITH.

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VOL. I.

B





## GOOD-NATURE.

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“ **C**LANALVON, Clanalvon, my love!” cried the mother of the young earl of Clanalvon; “ Elizabeth, go find your brother. I can do nothing without his assistance,” she added, springing from a table where she had stood to arrange the last fold of a drapery, in preparation for a grand ball to be given that night, in honour of her son’s coming of age.

“ Indeed, mamma,” replied lady Elizabeth, “ that drapery requires nothing more —there cannot be any thing more full and beautiful than its folds; and Clanalvon is engaged in other parts of the house, su-

perintending the workmen, who have been so delayed by perpetual alterations, that, we fear, the decorations of the supper-room will not be completed in time."

Lady Clanalvon, who did not like contradiction, only noticed this observation with—"Olivia, my love, call your brother."

Olivia obeyed, and found her brother as deeply engaged in the arrangements of the supper-room as her mother was in the drapries of the ball-room. Their objects however were different—his being to expedite, hers to add new graces to what she already admired as beautiful.

Clanalvon, after giving directions to the workmen, which, fortunately for the pleasure of the evening, were better attended to than directions to workmen usually are, flew to attend his mother. All she had done—all she still meant to do, met his approbation; he said he saw her tasteful hand in every ornament—thanked her for desiring his advice—praised the general regulations, which had been directed by

his elder sister—assisted his mother in all that she could not execute herself, yet would not leave to inferior hands—and then was quitting the room, but turned, with a heightened colour, and asked lady Elizabeth—"Was she ~~yet~~ certain that Mrs. Nugent would be returned from her distant visit in time for the evening?"

"Oh, yes!" replied she, "they are come. I have had a note from Emily—they will certainly be here early."

Clanlavon then repeated his great admiration of, and thankfulness for, all their proceedings, and returned to the supper-room.

"My darling child!" exclaimed his mother, gazing after him; "he is now grown from infancy to manhood, and never could I trace one fault in his character—never did he give me one moment's pain. I can most confidently say, his equal does not tread the earth."

"Then he has some flying aerial equals," said Elizabeth, laughing; "for certainly his equals are somewhere to be found;

but, seriously, I believe, with all his faults, there are few young men so amiable as Clanalvon."

"With all his faults, Elizabeth! with all his faults!" said lady Olivia, earnestly; "what can you call a fault in Clanalvon, save what proceeds from too much self-regardless generosity?"

"But no one can have *too much* of anything, without a very great fault—extremes meet, you know," replied her sister.

"However, if Clanalvon has any faults, and I do not think he has," lady Olivia began—

"If he has any faults," lady Clanalvon repeated, "this day, which ought to be a day of pleasure to him, is not the day to dwell on them; nor is his sister—I must say it, my dear Elizabeth—the person to bring them forward."

Olivia made some gentle remark, which calmed her mother, and then drew her attention from the subject, by praising the taste Elizabeth had shewn in her preparations for the arrangement of the supper.

tables, which had been principally left to her.

“I do not know what they are, my dear—I have not had time to look at them,” replied lady Clanalvon.

Olivia then entered into a description of them, which charmed the mother into more than usual good-humour with Elizabeth, who was far from being her favourite child.

Notwithstanding the delays occasioned by the minute and restless taste of lady Clanalvon, the decorations were at length completed, and the family and house were in a state of elegant and splendid preparation to receive the expected guests.

While waiting for their arrival, Clanalvon, with eyes of animated affection, surveyed the group. He gratified his mother by his fervent praises of her fine form, unimpaired beauty, and the tasteful elegance with which she had adorned them. The soft, the fascinating loveliness which sparkled in the bright eyes, and smiled in the glowing lip and cheek of Olivia, he

regarded with a fondness even exceeding that with which his delighted glance turned to the more dignified and womanly figure of Elizabeth. Joy seemed to have made her dwelling-place in the happy family—it beamed on the manly yet modest countenance of the youthful hero of the day—it spoke in every look and movement of the proud and happy mother—it danced in the smiling eyes of Elizabeth—and it was personified in the bright glances, the springing step, of the animated Olivia.

Nor was their cousin, Charles Montague, the least happy of the party. The orphan only son of lady Clanalvon's sister, he had been principally brought up in the family of his aunt, and loved his cousins, Clanalvon and lady Olivia, with all the tenderness of a brother; but Elizabeth had, from childhood, held more than a sister's place in his affections, and now he gazed on her with the delighted consciousness, that when surrounded by admiration and flattery, his approbation would still be, as in

their hours of domestic retirement, dearer to her than all.

Lady Clanlavon was beautiful in person, elegant in taste, amiable, and affectionate in disposition. Possessed of abilities equal to the attainment of all that usually goes by the name of accomplishment, she was deficient in the far more important advantages of sound sense and correct judgment—indeed vanity too often seemed to usurp the place of both, and, except in those stronger instances in which the line of distinction between right and wrong is too decidedly marked to be mistaken, was the prime mover of all her actions. Under this influence, her sensibility, lovely in itself, was cherished into a fault by the admiration it excited. Amiable feelings were ever more interesting to her, more valuable in her eyes, than solid principles. The strong sensibility of her son was, therefore, to her the most attaching feature of his character; the first impulse of his generous nature was always kind, benevolent, and liberal; but

the first impulse is rarely just, and his mother feared that to teach him to weigh the consequences and dependencies of actions, would be to debase the glowing ardour of his character into cold philosophy and calculating prudence. Thus in infancy, when in witnessing any contest between a little boy and a larger, he uniformly took part with the former, it was never once suggested to him, that the big boy might possibly have a right to the toy or apple which the little one wanted to wrest from him. Whoever seemed to be the suffering party, was sure of his zealous uninquiring support; and whenever his guardian wished to give him juster ideas and larger views, or to check the impetuous bravery with which he frequently endangered his life, in feats of activity beyond his years, by pointing out to him the injury he did his mother in alarming her, she constantly declared that she would not have his noble spirit restrained—his was the age for feeling and for ardour—time would teach him reason

and prudence. Time, however, had led him up to one-and-twenty, and reason and prudence were on these subjects as distant as ever.

The same mode of education operated less strongly upon the softer mind of his sister Olivia, but produced no injurious effect on that of Elizabeth, which was early directed to a more reflective turn, by her strong attachment to her cousin Montague, whose character, naturally as ardent as that of Clanalvon, had been moulded in infancy by the more judicious care of those parents, his deep affliction for whose loss, before he had attained his twelfth year, gave added force to their instructions.

Crowds collected rapidly in the magnificent apartments of Clanalvon Castle; and lady Clanalvon had the pleasure of receiving from every guest either some compliment on the birthday of her darling son, or some praises of the beauty of her house and daughters. The singular captivation of manner she possessed was in

itself sufficient to give universal pleasure. Her attentions were general; yet some she addressed with a familiarity which seemed to raise them in their own opinion, while none could pass the bounds she prescribed to their degree of intimacy with her.

Clanalvon's pride and affection were both gratified in seeing his mother appear to such advantage, particularly when he saw the admiration she excited beam with expressive brightness on the countenance of Miss Nugent, who often turned her eyes on him, to see if his were fixed on the same object.—“I have been observing,” she said, when lady Clanalvon went into another room, “the pleasure of every face as your mother spoke. Your sisters too—how beautiful lady Elizabeth looks! and did you ever see Olivia's angel-face look so lovely?”

Lady Olivia Fitzmaurice was, through the whole neighbourhood, considered as the only beauty who could rival Miss Nugent, and Clanalvon always felt, with pecu-

liar pleasure, the praises they bestowed on each other—unfolding a trait of character more dear to his generous spirit, than all the beauty he admired with a brother's pride in one, and a lover's fondness in the other.

While they stood near the door of entrance, so absorbed was he in observing the admiration with which she regarded his family, as they received the company, that Emily was often obliged to remind him of the politeness he owed them. But though ever ready to give praise where it was due, Emily possessed a fancy too animated, and a judgment too clear, to be a universal admirer; and though every mistake of ignorance she good-naturedly accounted for, the absurdities which she saw were affected as elegant, she remarked with playful, not sarcastic ridicule—“Lord Clervalon,” she said, “will you tell me which you are—the stupidest or most modest of men?”

“Perhaps, neither—perhaps only the most pre-occupied.”

"But do waken for a moment, in charity," said Emily, laughing, "and look at poor Miss T——, who has been smiling this half-hour in vain. I am sure," she added, "you would be more attentive, if you could see how ridiculous a smile or attitude, intended for one happy individual, becomes, when by his disregard compelled to continue such an unnatural length of time."

"But they are not all aimed at me. See the pretty helplessness with which Miss R—— has been labouring to disengage herself from that shawl, till Howard came to her assistance. But," he added, "how curious it is to observe the very same action in one so ridiculous—in another so pretty! See! there is a young lady leans on the arm of the sofa just as Miss T—— did."

"No, not quite in the same manner," said Emily; "she leans forward, you see; and I find you did not observe the peculiar elegance which bent Miss T—— to one side, while standing near your lord-

ship—I say, your lordship; for I cannot flatter you, that the young ladies would break their backs so for simple Edmund Fitzmaurice. But see!" continued Emily, "they are going to dance, and you have not yet got a partner."

"I thought," said Clanalvon, "you had promised to dance with me?"

"No, no—it would be very rude to take me out the first set, when there are so many ladies of higher rank in the room. I dare say I shall get a partner; and if not, it will do me no harm to sit a set with my aunt and lady Howard, who, I see, are together. Take me to them, and do make haste."

"You are very anxious, Miss Nugent, to drive me from you."

"Indeed," Emily answered, earnestly; "you know I would rather dance with you than any one."

"Then why do you refuse me now?"

"Because you ought to go to some other lady," replied Emily, smiling, as she held out her hand.

“ You shew your power, Miss Nugent, in making me at pleasure give up my greatest enjoyment,” said Clanalvon, pressing her hand, as he led her towards Mrs. Nugent.

Emily was asked by Charles Montague, and when they had gone through the first dance, by mutual wish they approached the spot where lady Elizabeth stood chatting with her sister, whose partner, Mr. Howard, had left her to seek some refreshment for her. He shortly returned, and, laughing, told her he had been delayed bringing her the ice by a *ruse de guerre* of Mrs. Mansfield, which he had been observing practised on a young nobleman of the company.—“ I just came in time,” said Mr. Howard, “ to hear her tell him that her silly timid Maria could not endure the idea of dancing with a stranger, she is so foolishly bashful; ‘ and, indeed, my lord,’ continued Robert Howard, imitating the affected tone of Mrs. Mansfield, ‘ I fear she must be compelled to it, for she is not acquainted with a

creature here, except two, who, I know, are always better engaged.' Lord P—— did not take the hint, and she went on to inform him, that lord Clanalvon was of course going to dance with Miss Nugent, and his lordship, poor Maria's only other acquaintance, she supposed, was engaged to one of the ladies Fitzmaurice."

"I thought," said Emily, turning her eyes archly on her partner—"I thought Mrs. Mansfield was acquainted with Mr. Montague."

"Oh! she is acquainted with him, and Mr. Howard, for the ugly daughter," replied lady Olivia, laughing; "but I have often heard that she says Maria is born to be a countess."

"That is fortunate for commoners," said Montague; "for really, were she to use as much finesse to obtain a husband as she does to get partners, I scarcely know how a disengaged man could escape."

"Neither did poor lord P——," said Howard; "and I believe, had he been led to the altar, he could scarcely have suffered

more. Poor fellow! he was just coming, full of glee, to ask lady Elizabeth or Miss Nugent; but he blushed, and begged for the honour of Miss Mansfield's hand."

"To the altar, or for the dance?" inquired Emily.

"For the dance to-night; but he is fortunate if he is not made to dance to the altar, unless Clanalvon's more ancient title draws the enemy aside."

"We shall have a ball then in a few days, to secure the affair," said Olivia.

"Oh, yes!" replied Howard; "I saw the poor husband turn pale from that consciousness, when lord P—— called Miss Mansfield 'your beautiful daughter.'"

At this instant Clanalvon joined the group, telling them he had just heard Mrs. Mansfield invite his mother and her young people to a ball at her house the night but one after.

All laughed at the rapidity with which the lady managed the business of her life.

"It is a pity for the world," said Emily, "that Mrs. Mansfield was not a man;

surely such talents for generalship would have been more serviceably employed in the field of Mars than in the rosy gardens of Cupid—in storming a citadel, than in seizing a heart."

"Oh! a heart is the most glorious of all conquests, Miss Nugent," cried Clanalvon; "but I cannot say that her mode of attack is good in that respect. In the Hymeneal war, however, she makes as bold efforts to conquer coronets as ever Alexander did to overturn empires."

"We must admit that she possesses talents which might have formed an Alexander," continued Emily, "had she, poor woman! but had the same objects to fight for; but still,

"In female dress, with equal skill,  
She fights for love, and he for glory."

"In one respect she sadly fails," said Howard; "she never sees where the ground is pre-occupied. In her attempts on Clanalvon for her eldest, and Montague for her second daughter, she has wholly over-

looked the secret ambush laid in both hearts."

"As an auctioneer, however, not one fault could be found with her talents," said Elizabeth.

"No, indeed," added Olivia; "at least if her voice is not as loud, her lungs are as much laboured as any auctioneer's, in crying out—'Walk into the auction; and when once the purchaser is in, we all know the rapidity with which she recounts the beauty, elegance, good-humour, French, Italian, bashfulness, fashion, sense, dancing, and modesty, of the beautiful young lady, now set up to sale."

"That is for the pretty one," said Howard; "but for the little, black, pock-marked, pig-eyed thing behind—what can she say?"

"Oh! I believe she might say with truth that she is very amiable," said Emily; "I have heard that she is extremely charitable; I know she often makes toys for the poor. You smile, lord Clanalvon; but, I assure you, though the mother's

puffing manner makes it impossible not to laugh at the daughters, Miss Jenny Mansfield is a very good and sensible girl."

" My smile was not one of ridicule," replied Clanalvon, smiling again as he looked at her animated countenance.

" Or if it was, you could not be blamed," she answered ; " for when one sees all the plots and counterplots to obtain a partner or a compliment, it is impossible not to see how laughable they are. To say the truth, I am wicked enough to think those good people who are too good-natured to see the ridiculous, cannot have their own faculties very brilliantly alive; but at the same time, lively faculties cannot be better employed than in duly appreciating what is praiseworthy."

" I now see," said Charles Montagu, " why Miss Nugent's satire always amuses and never offends. She justly separates between what is valuable and what is blameable, and throws a good-natured laugh, rather than an austere censure, on what she cannot approve; so that her sa-

tire rather softens than exaggerates error."

"And in the same way I have known some who could make what rigid moralists would call vices, appear only simple foibles," said Howard.

"Never, Miss Nugent," exclaimed Clan-alvon, fervently—"never did she lend her playful fancy to throw a lustre over vice."

"Never, I hope," rejoined Emily. "Vanity I do not consider a fault deserving serious moral censure, at least when it only leads to harmless follies, that without injuring others makes its possessor ridiculous. But," she resumed, blushing at once from earnestness and bashfulness, "I have expressed myself incorrectly, for vanity is a serious moral evil, and ought not to be encouraged, because it often leads to envy and other vicious feelings. When it shews itself in the innocent forms at which we have been laughing, it is only an object of good-natured ridicule."

"I have heard many a drollery from Emily, but never one levity," said lady

Elizabeth; “ and this is a point in which in society we are particularly called on to discriminate, or else we may often do a serious injury, when we intend only a harmless jest.”

“ But I was far,” said Howard, “ from meaning a reproach; “ I do not know that I ever did hear Miss Nugent pass lightly over a serious fault; but if I did, I should call it good nature, not levity.”

“ If it be good-nature,” said Elizabeth, smiling, “ to treat serious faults lightly, we are to conclude that it is still greater good-nature to approve of them.”

“ Not altogether that,” replied Clandal-von; “ wrong ought not to be approved of, neither should any one encourage another to do wrong; but when the thing is done, it cannot be undone, and benevolence then requires us to make the best of it.”

“ Certainly,” said Emily, with more than ordinary seriousness; “ and I think the best we can make of it is to render it a warning against similar errors.”

“ True good-nature,” added Montague, “ believe me, Clanalvon, is no blind quality; it is clear-sighted and wise, and would guard its objects more sedulously from error than from pain.”

Olivia, who had been listening earnestly to the conversation, cast on her cousin a look of animated thankfulness, for often had she felt that her brother’s good-nature encouraged in Howard levities which she felt inconsistent with the fine qualities he testified.”

“ Then, asked Clanalvon, “ would you have no charity for the culpable ?”

“ Much for himself,” said Emily, “ but none for his faults. I could love a person affectionately, and yet hate his faults—perhaps hate them the more for sullying a character otherwise estimable; the errors of a fine mind excite as much regret as disapprobation.”

“ But if you value a character, must not your partiality for its merits make you overlook its faults ?” inquired Howard.

“ By no means,” said Emily; “ there is

an undeviating line of separation between right and wrong—it can never alter; and no partiality ought to lead us to turn our eyes away from it."

"But surely," said Clanalvon, "it is absolutely impossible to see the errors of a person beloved."

"How can that be?" said Emily; "who so devotedly attached as the mother? yet who so quick-sighted, so vigilant, to detect every error?"

"Oh! that is a different case," replied Clanalvon; "that is for the purpose of education."

"But are we not all," said Elizabeth, "in some measure under education, while we remain in this world? Are we not, or rather, ought we not to be in a state of progressive improvement to the last moment of our lives?"

"That is some comfort for the faulty," said Howard, laughing; "for if we are to go on improving till ninety, there must be some allowance for errors at nineteen."

“ There are depths in this subject, my dear Howard,” said Charles Montague, gravely, “ which do not suit the time and place.”

“ But which I hope you will give us in a sermon before this day twelvemonth,” rejoined Howard.

“ When,” added Emily, “ I hope you will not do as we are doing now—preach and not practise. Here are we talking of good-nature, while the few last couples, who have worked their way up to the top, have no one to dance with them.”

As she spoke she extended her hand to her partner, and they all joined the dancers. As in the next set Emily and Clanlavon stood waiting to give the lower couples their share of dancing, Emily heard a gentleman behind her whisper another—“ What a pity it is that that really-pretty Miss Mansfield is so deplorably silly ! I am sure there is not one girl in the room, ugly or pretty, who would not be a preferable partner.”

“ And I am sure,” replied lord P——,

the person addressed, “ I shall take care never again to be compelled into dancing with her ; any awkwardness in refusing is better.”

Emily instinctively turned her eyes on the mother, by whose irritated countenance she perceived that she had heard the whole. Regardless at the moment of any thing but the pains she saw her suffer, she looked at lord Clanalvon with a smile of apology, and instantly seating herself beside her, entered into conversation on the music, dancing, and other common ball-room topics ; preventing her, by this kind manœuvre, from exposing herself by attacking the gentlemen, which Emily conjectured, as was actually the case, she was about to do.

While engaged in calming her irritation, without appearing to notice it, Clanalvon and Howard approached ; the former, who had overheard the conversation, saw all the beauty of her kindness to the disconcerted schemer ; but Howard, who

knew nothing of the circumstances, was surprised by her attention to a woman whom he knew she held in very slight estimation; and when he had executed his commission, which was to bring her to lady Olivia in the music-room, he rallied her on it, observing that it did not seem consistent with her usual candour.—“ I thought, Miss Nugent,” said he, “ you always reserved the attentions of friendship for friendship alone ; yet I never saw you converse with any one with more appearance of interest than you did with Mrs. Mansfield.”

“ But there is a sort of friendship which belongs to every one that needs it,” said Emily ; “ now, lord Clanalvon, had I not been nearer her, would you not have done as <sup>she</sup> I did ?”

“ I do not know whether I would, but I know I ought,” replied Clanalvon ; and he then related what had passed.

“ Oh, that was so like Emily !” said Mrs. Nugent, smiling ; “ I believe, if a person hurt their hand in knocking her down, she would pity it.”

“ But, dear aunt, Mrs. Mansfield never did any thing to me.”

“ No, my love,” returned Mrs. Nugent, recollecting herself; but her first observation had been caused by observing Mrs. Mansfield’s constant endeavours to draw lord Clanalvon from Emily to her beautiful Maria.

It was a late hour before the party separated, most of them hoping to meet the night but one after at Mrs. Mansfield’s ball.

Next morning Clanalvon received a letter from his guardian, sir James Gray, reminding him that he had delayed a visit to France, in order to be in Dublin at the time of his coming of age, to settle with him the accounts of the guardianship, and that he had promised the friend who was to accompany him to sail at latest that day week; therefore requesting Clanalvon to set off for town immediately on receipt of his letter.

“ This is quite impossible,” said Clanalvon, handing it to his mother.

"Why so, my love?" she inquired, when she had read it.

He replied that it was not possible to break his engagement with Mrs. Mansfield, who would be severely disappointed at missing any of her expected guests— "But the day after," he continued, "I can go to sir James, if you wish, though I do not think myself it is of any consequence. My father's creditors are none of them in a state to want the money, and I will give my promise to pay them immediately on settling my affairs with my guardian. The only reason I wished them concluded is, that until I know exactly how my affairs stand, I cannot do many things I want to do; but for the larger of these I have not yet matured the plan: so next year will be time enough for commencing them, and for the smaller things I need not wait, as I certainly have means for them. Those cottages we have been talking of rebuilding must be set about immediately; they are in a very uncomfortable state, and

it is not fair that the tenants should be perished through the winter, because I am not in humour to settle my accounts."

"Oh, I am so glad you are determined on that!" cried the mother; "they belong to very decent nice-looking people, and your plan for new-building them is so pretty!"

"And so comfortable too," added lady Elizabeth; "but I am not sure that they ought to be first objects; there are other cottages in a worse state, whose tenants are less able to repair them, as I understand they pay equal rent for inferior land."

"You do not consider, my dear," said lady Clanalvon, "how unreasonable it would be to expect them to make the elegant improvements we have agreed on, as necessary to their situation."

"But if there are others whose cottages really want repairs or rebuilding," said Clanalvon, "taste must give way to compassion; but there is enough for all," he

added, unable to disappoint his mother, whose heart was set on beautifying those cottages which lay in view of the road that led to the gate; “ I will put all the cabins in comfortable order, and I shall improve my tenantry by it, for the generous Irish character is to be wrought on by gratitude. There is not any thing, consistent with honour, which an Irishman will not do for a landlord at once indulgent and rational.”

Clanlavon’s patriotism, as well as his every other feeling, was ardent and enthusiastic; and any thing he felt of service to his country, no selfish interest could induce him to give up. In this he was right, but too often he overlooked where others were connected in what he fancied wholly personal.

“ Nothing,” said Montague, “ can be more benevolent and praiseworthy than your plans, provided your funds will answer them. You have already within the year laid out large sums on new-furnishing this and your town-house; expensive

equipages are also bespoken; all this is very well—nothing more than is suitable to your rank and fortune, if the savings of your minority will, after the discharge of the previous debts, be able to pay for them; but nothing tends so much to stop the steady course of benevolence to the tenantry, and of general expenditure, by which both tenants and manufacturers are most effectually benefited, as spending too largely from the income first, and saving afterwards to make up for it."

"My dear Charles," said his aunt, "you are talking of prudence and economy, and Clanlavon is thinking of benevolence and generosity."

"Which never can be separated from the others," answered Montague; "the nobleman who delays his payments to his upholsterer, his coachmaker, or his architect, and at the same time presses his tenants for their rents, to make up the amount, injures all, when he might have benefited all, had he only waited until

the money came round in its regular course."

" You are right, Charles," said Clanlavon; " and if I ever get into such a scrape, I will neither delay my payments nor press my tenants, but will deny myself in every thing, and live at the least possible expence until all comes round."

Lady Clanlavon cast a glance of fond admiration on her son, and of triumph on her nephew, who, with the aid of lady Elizabeth, vainly endeavoured to convince them that occasional retrenchments in expenditure and establishment must ever be attended with inconvenience to tradespeople, servants, and others, while a steady course of both renders a man of fifteen thousand a-year, with a mind so generous as that of Clanlavon, a blessing to his country; but though in arguments like these it was impossible not to blame the errors of his judgment, it was yet more impossible not to admire the noble enthusiasm with which he seemed to

think lightly of every self-sacrifice that could promote the happiness of others.

After this conversation, as Clanlavon was on his way to Riversdale, to ask Miss Nugent for the first set the following night, which he had purposely omitted doing at his own ball, to furnish a pretext for a visit in the intermediate day, he met one of his young tenants, who, with a sorrowful countenance, told him that poor Pat Fagan had been carried off to jail for a paltry bit of a debt of five pounds, that his father could well have paid for him, and was like there to remain, unless some friend would come to his assistance. This was a youth whose activity in the sports and exercises to which he often assembled his tenantry, had drawn the notice and admiration of his young lord, who, on receiving this intelligence, changed his course, and galloped to the county-town, seven miles distant, where he paid the debt and freed the prisoner.

On his way back, he was met by the mother of his *protégé*, who, after a

profusion of blessings, thanks, and curt-  
sies, hoped his honour's goodness would  
not be the ruin of her poor boy, who, she  
said, had been "the best child in the  
'varsal world, until he come across that  
wild scamp, Jim Higgins" (the lad who  
had given Clanalvon the information),  
"who was never asy but when he had  
him in the public-house; that his father  
had paid many little debts for him; and  
sure, my lord," she added, "we were go-  
ing to leave him to cool his heels a bit in  
jail, to see if it would bring him to, and  
himself" (by this an Irishwoman means  
her husband) "thought to go give him a  
word of advice, and to take him out as  
soon as he found himself sinsible of it;  
and sure enough he'd ha' been the better  
for it the longest day he has to live, only  
for his good luck that brought your ho-  
nor to the knowledge of it, and spoilt it  
all, for which we're bound to pray for  
long life and prosperity to your lordship,  
that knows how to make use of it. Och,  
it's long before any other gentleman in

the country, let alone a lord, would be bothering himself, and putting his horse in such a broil, galloping after the likes of him!"

A little embarrassed, Clanlavon expressed some hesitating hopes that her son would not be the worse for what had happened, and promised to speak to him seriously on the subject.

"Och!" replied the mother, "if your lordship would only say you wou'dn't release him agin, and just make a mintion to that rascal in the public-house, that he wont be 'ticing him into his books on your honour's account, there'll be no great harm after all! Ad then! it's himself that'll be proud to think you'd do as much for his boy as you've done afore for them that's less desarving."

Finding that the honour of his honour's notice would make ample amends to the mother, for the injury done her son's morals by the failure of the salutary punishment intended him, Clanlavon invited

her, with her husband and son, to dine at the castle the following day, when he promised to give Pat a lecture on his misconduct.

By the time this adventure was concluded, he found it was too late to call on Mrs. Nugent, who kept early hours, and the next morning he had heard them say they intended devoting to visiting an old lady at a distance; so that he entered Mrs. Mansfield's ball-room disengaged; and before his eager glance had ascertained whether Emily was yet arrived, he was accosted by his hostess, with warin thanks to him and his family for coming so early, concluding with—" Come, Maria, my love, and thank lord Clanalvon, for being in such good time to open the ball with you."

Retreat was impossible, and as he had too much true good-nature to let his vexation appear, both mother and daughter exulted in their successful *coup-de-main*, which had been occasioned by the defec-

tion of lord P——, who, the moment she entered the room, had engaged Miss Nugent.

Emily stood a few couples below, so that, during the dance, he had no opportunity of conversation, nor would the incessant prattle of the delighted Maria have suffered him to enjoy it, had it been within his reach.

As he led his fair partner to her mother, he heard with dismay lord P—— ask his sister Olivia for the next set, for all his good-nature could not prevent his seeing the danger with which this second omission of lord P—— threatened himself. He was accordingly about to make a hasty retreat, when Mrs. Mansfield, remarking how dreadfully her Maria was overheated, requested him to bring her some refreshment.

The interval of his absence gave the mother and daughter time to concert their plans, and when he returned, he found them disputing the possibility of Maria's dancing again. She had heard two or

three young men of fashion criticising the dancing so unmercifully, that she would not, could not, durst not, dance.

“Did you ever see such a little bashful fool as she is, my lord?” exclaimed the mother.

“If Miss Mansfield,” said Clanlavon, “is afraid to dance before critics, I know not who may venture.”

“See now, you silly girl, how kind and encouraging his lordship is! I am sure, my lord, if you will dance this set with her, it will give her courage. Your lordship will excuse the liberty I take with a friend and neighbour. It would look so singular and rude if she were to refuse to dance in her own house, and your lordship knows that the world is so ill-natured, that a young lady cannot with prudence do any thing remarkable.”

After many expressions of pretty reluctance on the part of Maria, so far to intrude on his lordship’s kindness, she was persuaded by her mother to join the set with him. When he turned Emily in

the dance, the brightness of her smile was gone; she looked pale and dejected, but no irritation mingled in the expression.

Like all who give unchecked freedom to natural sensibility, Clanalvon was inclined to jealousy; not the despicable jealousy that is for ever in apprehension of a rival, but the susceptibility which fears that its tenderness is not returned with equal ardour.—“She is dejected,” he thought; “some vexation absorbs her mind entirely, and leaves no room for resentment at my apparent neglect.”

It did not occur to him, that the mild dignity of a modest female mind feels itself sullied, by the slightest indication of resentment at the cessation of those attentions which it has received with pleasure. The moment, however, he could escape from his partner, he approached the spot where Emily sat between his mother and her aunt. Without the slightest appearance of pique, she answered his request that she would ~~dance~~ dance with him, by informing him that she was engaged.—

" How unfortunate for me!" cried Clanalvon; " but the next set?"

At that moment some one addressed Emily, and she turned to answer them: on looking back for lord Clanalvon, he was gone, and she shortly saw him lead out Miss Jane Mansfield. Her natural disposition to make the best of every thing, led her to hope that he believed her engaged to him for the next; but no, she refused other partners and he came not. Supper was announced. Emily went down with lady Olivia and Mr. Howard.

Mrs. Nugent's carriage arrived. Clanalvon then rose from the side of the triumphant Miss Mansfield, and flew to attend them to it; but Emily gave her hand to Robert Howard, and Clanalvon had only to lead her aunt.—" My dear Mrs. Nugent," he said, " do you not think there must be some means of doing as one likes at a ball?"

" Undoubtedly," she replied, calmly, and with a degree of coldness he had never before met from her. " Good-night,

“my lord,” she added, as she seated herself in the carriage. Emily thought her manner too cold, and she echoed “good-night, lord Clanalvon!” in a kinder tone.

When the Clanalvon family had all retired to their separate apartments, the mother thought how graceful her pretty Olivia’s figure had looked in the dance. She remembered with pleasure many compliments she had received on the beauty and elegance of both her daughters, on the unequalled charms of her own manners, and, more than all, on the sense, talents, conversational powers, fine form, and polished address of her son.

Olivia’s heart beat with the recollection of the attention to her friend Emily, and more than attention to herself, shewn during the evening by Robert Howard.

Elizabeth rejoiced that she had been so often permitted to dance with her cousin Charles; and he, that he had been so little divided from her.

All in short were happy, except Clanalvon. He reached his chamber fatigued,

and vexed with himself and every other person; he desired his servant to leave him, and paced the apartment with an agitated step.—“How unkind, how markedly unkind, was Emily Nugent’s manner!” was his first reflection; but in thinking over the circumstances of her unkindness, he remembered that perhaps he had given cause for it; yet, if he had been wrong, how cruelly calm and composed was her whole appearance! No; she did not feel it; cold, heartless girl, she did not notice his apparent neglect of her. How sweetly mild and gentle was her tone as she bade him good-night—no feeling of pain or wounded affection; and calling her once more, in his own mind, “cold, capricious girl,” he determined that women in general were so; and with this pleasing reflection he threw himself on his bed, where he spent the night in alternately condemning himself for his apparent neglect of Emily, and her for the tranquillity with which she seemed to bear it.

When the family assembled next morn-

ing, and were chatting round the breakfast-table, over the various little incidents of the preceding evening, lady Elizabeth asked her brother why he had danced so often with Miss Mansfield, saying it was very rude of him, when there were so many present, who, in every respect, had higher claims on his attention ?

“ She and her mother insisted on it,” said Clanlavon, laughing.

“ But you should not have suffered that flirting, scheming family to take possession of you, even for a moment,” exclaimed Olivia, warmly.

“ Well, I am sure no one suffered by it but myself,” he replied. “ I indeed was to be pitied for tying myself to the stupidest, most disagreeable, flirtish girl in the room, or I may say the country.”

“ No one suffered by it but yourself!” repeated Elizabeth, recollecting the dejected countenance of Emily Nugent.

Clanlavon felt her meaning, and tried to laugh it off.—“ No,” he said; “ certainly no one else; whom did I injure?”

“ In the first place, poor Miss Mansfield herself,” said Olivia; “ would you, Clanalvon, bear to see any man attend on me last night as you did on her, and speak of me this morning as you have spoken of her?”

“ But I never saw you insist on any gentleman dancing with you, whether he would or not, and without much brotherly vanity, I may say you would not be quite so disagreeable a charge,” answered he; “ but if such was your habit for obtaining partners, I should think it extremely kind and self-sacrificing of any one, who particularly disliked you, to attend you the whole evening without betraying his misery.”

“ And Clanalvon,” said Elizabeth, “ was it kind and self-sacrificing of you to leave old Mr. Balfour, who has been so fond of you from infancy, so neglected, when he came on purpose to meet our family, because he could not come the night of our own ball?”

“ Extremely good-natured, though not towards him particularly,” replied Clanal-

von, continuing a tone of forced gaiety ; “ I was enlivening dull souls who had no amusement in themselves, while I might have been enjoying the society of the pleasantest old fellow on earth.”

“ Oh, Clanalvon ! Clanalvon !” said Olivia, reproachfully raising her eyes to his face, “ how should he know you were making such a sacrifice ?”

“ And you know,” rejoined Elizabeth, “ how easily his feelings are hurt since the overturn of his fortune. You did not think of this, but that facile good-nature you indulge never does think.”

“ One would think, by all these reproaches,” said lady Clanalvon, “ that your brother had, for his own personal gratification, wounded the feelings of every person in the room, when the truth is, he has sacrificed his own pleasure to the feelings of an anxious mother.”

“ And good-naturedly,” added Montague, laughing, “ assisted that mother in making her daughter very ridiculous.”

The sisters now endeavoured to change

the subject, Elizabeth fearing that her mother would rather strengthen him in his false ideas of good-nature; Olivia partly wishing to save him from every pain, partly doubting whether she must not be wrong in thinking he could be so. However, when he found himself alone with them, he renewed it by saying—“ Do you really think, Lizzy, that I vexed dear old Mr. Balfour?”

“ Indeed I do,” she replied, “ and what you must feel much more, Emily Nugent was seriously grieved by your neglect.”

Clanlavon proudly waved his head, and with a voice of haughty assumed humility, he said—“ Miss Nugent grieved by me!—oh no!—I dare not flatter myself with any power over her well-regulated feelings—oh no!—you are quite mistaken, Lizzy.”

“ Indeed I am not, Clanlavon, nor do you really in your heart think I am.”

“ You do not mean to say I trifled purposely with her feelings!” he exclaimed.

“ No,” replied Elizabeth, “ I say and

believe you were led into wounding her by your weak good-nature towards Mrs. and Miss Mansfield ; and conscious of wrong being on some side, wish to throw it off yourself on Emily ; and you have succeeded in persuading yourself that necessity compelled you to neglect her, and that she was very unkind not to see this necessity."

Clanlavon coloured and smiled, as he hesitatingly said — " Not exactly ; but, Lizzy, supposing it was my choice to leave her in that manner, was it not very cold, and heartless of her not to be in the least vexed by it ?" Observing his sisters smile at the meaning these words conveyed, he added — " She is so fond of my mother and you both, that a slight from any part of the family ought naturally to have hurt her."

" Undoubtedly," said Elizabeth, " it would have shewn a coldness very foreign to Emily's disposition, if she had not been hurt—but," she archly added, " less, of course, by a slight from you than from

any other of the family. However, she really was very much hurt—I saw it clearly, and so did Charles, and I suspect also Robert Howard."

"I know he did," said Olivia, "for I never saw him so attentive to her, though not," she continued, with a laugh and a blush, "to the neglect of other people, like Clanalvon."

"She did look paler than usual," said Clanalvon, thoughtfully; "but there was not the slightest degree of agitation in her manner—she never once lost her composure."

"But Emily has a mind so steady, so well centered," answered Elizabeth, "that she may be deeply grieved, without being discomposed. Her feelings may have been like her countenance—more in sorrow than in anger."

Clanalvon started up—"And do you think, dearest Lizzy, that if I was to go to her now, she would be glad to see me? do you think Mrs. Nugent will be less markedly unkind than she was at

the moment we parted? for I love her—I love Emily's aunt too well to endure any coldness from her."

Elizabeth was sure that Mrs. Nugent's gentle mind could not retain anger, however his neglect of her Emily might have given her a momentary feeling of resentment.

Without waiting for his horse, he pursued his way to Riversdale, with an agitation in which various feelings mingled; joy at his sister's insinuations of Emily's sentiments towards him—anger at himself for having been led into the appearance of neglecting her—and embarrassment how to speak of his conduct, where apology would be impertinent. But great was his disappointment to find only Mrs. Nugent. She had been detained at home by business, while Emily was gone to spend the morning with an old lady in ill health, whose principal pleasure was in her society. Mrs. Nugent was kind and gentle as ever in her own manner, but all his efforts could not lead her to speak of her niece

as he wished ; and after affectionately inquiring how his family were after the late ball they had been at, he could not bring her to mention the evening before.

A picture newly taken of Emily lay on the table ; Clanalvon took it up ; and as he recollect ed that she had been pained by him, tears filled his eyes. Mrs. Nugent did not seem to perceive it, and gently drawing the beautiful portrait from his hand, she put another into it, saying it was by a much superior master, and that, had he been in Ireland, she would have had Emily's likeness taken by him.

“ Oh, Mrs. Nugent ! let me keep that picture one moment longer,” said Clanalvon, earnestly ; but without seeming to hear him, she quietly replaced it in its case, and went on to speak on the subject of painting in general.

Clanalvon, so much admired for elegance of manner, and for the charm of intelligence or vivacity which he knew how to diffuse over the most common topics of conversation, was now equally at a loss to

carry on that which his companion had chosen, to start another, or to end his embarrassment by shortening his visit. The arrival of another visitor, however, at length gave him an opportunity for the latter, and he hastened on foot to the house of the sick lady, five miles from Mrs. Nugent's place, to make inquiries for her, hoping there to meet Emily.

He did meet her, but only just coming out, and could only place her in her carriage. When she was seated there, Clanalvon continued to stand by it, and the footman was waiting for further orders. Emily coloured, and requested lord Clanalvon to tell his mother that their old friend was better; she then expected him to depart, and was silent for a moment; but finding that he still remained by the carriage, she blushed very deeply, bade him farewell, and desired the servant to drive home.

“The day was now past when Clanalvon had intended to begin his journey to Dublin, to meet his guardian; and this day

missed, no expedition could now bring him in time to settle business with sir James before his departure. This circumstance rejoiced Clanalvon, as it gave him an opportunity of more immediately regaining his former footing of intimacy with Mrs. and Miss Nugent; he could not, however, feel sufficient confidence of the place he held in the affection of Emily, to venture on an explicit declaration of his sentiments.

In this state of mutual though unavowed attachment, about a fortnight had passed away, when Emily, one morning, on entering a neighbouring cottage, to inquire after a sick child, was startled by the appearance of affliction in the mother.—“How is your little girl, Mary?” she asked, kindly.

“Oh! better, I thank you, Miss, but it’s not her I’m thinking of; but he’s gone out in great distress, and so am I myself, for that matter.”

“Why, what has happened?” inquired

Emily, anxiously—"any thing I can assist you in?"

"Oh, bless your kind heart! what could you do more nor ourselves? Isn't it our poor dear young lord that's kilt!"

"Killed!"

"Oh! the life's in him yit, but he's ruint for ever."

"For Heaven's sake! tell me exactly," exclaimed Emily.

"Oh! don't be frightened, my dear, it's only a fall he's got, and his bones that's broke."

"How did you hear it? what did you hear exactly?—perhaps it is not true," said Emily, endeavouring to catch at hope.

"Aw, wasn't I down at Fagan's, getting a bit of thyme, to put in the broth for the child, for the pig rooted up all the eribs\* in our own place, one day the boy left the door open on him—that wild chap Billy, you know, Miss——"

"Go on—pray tell me of lord Clanallyon?"

\* Herbs.

“ Amn’t I, Miss, as fast as I can—sure wasn’t it there I heard it? So, as I was telling you, Fagan’s wife, she axed me to sit down; and so, as I was waiting for a handful of barley, for she tould me to put a grain of barley in the broth, Miss, I sees them running past, and thinks I, it’s a mad dog they’re after, for you know, Miss, there was a mad dog in the country this summer, but he done no harm though; so I runs out—‘ What’s the matter?’ says I, little thinking——oh! the dear young creature! it’s himself that’s good to rich and poor! So, as I was saying, Miss, one of them tould me—‘ Sure it’s the young lord that’s fell,’ says he; and so I caught ahould o’ Pat Fagan—‘ Ah! don’t be cantering past,’ says I, ‘ but stay, and tell me about it,’ says I; so he up and tould me, myself doesn’t know what, for I was all of a trimble; but any how he got a fall off that wild horse he was trying, for some young chap, that wanted to shew him off to one that was going to buy him, or something; any how, it was his goodness

doe it. At any rate, himself'll be in by-and-by, if you'll stop a bit, my dear, and I'll mend the fire, for you're as pale as a corp."

The moments which elapsed before the return of the husband were spent by Mrs. O'Beirne in efforts to comfort her benefactress, and prevent her from fainting; but on his appearance, the eagerness of expectation quite restored her, and she sprung forward, but failed of power to utter the inquiry she wished.

" You'll be waiting, Miss Nugent, to hear news of him that's dear to high and low," said Philip, as he entered.

" Well, Phil?" said the wife, in an inquiring tone.

Emily sunk back in her chair in breathless emotion, while he informed them that the young lord had broken his arm, and got some "bad confusions" in his head, which the surgeon thought a great deal more about; that he had been carried into the nearest cottage, where his alarmed fa-

mily, who had been sent to, soon joined him, and that he was conveying home on a door attended by the surgeon.

Emily hastened home as fast as her trembling limbs could bear her, and there learned that her aunt had already heard the intelligence, and dispatched a discreet and rational servant, with orders to get an exact account from Mr. Montague, and to return with as little delay as possible.

The arrival of the messenger brought little relief to their agonizing suspense; the surgeon could not pronounce on the state of lord Clanalvon, and had sent for the assistance of a skilful army-surgeon, quartered at a neighbouring town.

Day after day brought answers equally unsatisfactory, until, on the morning of the fifth, Mrs. Nugent received a letter from Charles, conveying the joyful intelligence that Clanalvon's amendment was now so decided, that little doubt was entertained of his rapid recovery. The two succeeding days placed him entirely out of danger, and Mrs. Nugent then wrote to

Charles, requesting a particular account not only of the dear invalid, but of all the family, whose health, she feared, must have suffered by their anxiety.

This letter reached him as he sat by the couch to which Clanalvon had been for the first time removed, and where he lay surrounded by his mother, sisters, cousin, and Robert Howard, who had remained at the castle to assist in attending him. The mention of the name, as the servant delivered the letter, brought a vivid glow to his cheek. Montague read it aloud; and as he concluded with Mrs. Nugent's fear that a visit would yet be an intrusion, Clanalvon eagerly expressed his hope that she might be prevailed on to come and stay a few days at the castle, if his mother, or Elizabeth, would write to press her to do so.

This was readily agreed to, and Elizabeth rising to write the proposed note, Clanalvon, who feared that Mrs. Nugent might come alone, timidly suggested that she should say, that Olivia was so exhaust-

ed by her anxiety and nursetending, that she much needed the restorative of Emily's society.

"Yes," said lady Elizabeth, laughing; "I will tell her, that though Emily is, of course, too inexperienced a nursetender to be any use to you, she may contribute to revive Olivia's spirits."

This hope, while it remained in suspense, rather injured than served Clanlavon, as the restlessness it caused occasioned a slight return of fever; but having, before he was settled for the night, the satisfaction of knowing that the invitation would be accepted, and that he should see them the next day, he slept better than he had done since his accident, and he found himself considerably refreshed in the morning.

Great was the solicitude, and many the doubts of Mrs. Nugent, before she determined on the answer she sent. Emily was the child of Mr. Nugent's brother, and Mrs. Nugent's only sister, who, dying when her daughter was but an infant,

consigned her to the care of her aunt, then a widow, who took up her residence with her brother-in-law. He was a clergyman, with a good living in England; but having no personal property, he left, at his death, which happened when Emily was about fourteen, only her mother's fortune of five or six thousand pounds. The loss of her fond father, the first affliction Emily had ever known, fell heavily on a constitution which, though healthful, was far from robust, and her spirits for some time were so crushed under it, that Mrs. Nugent felt a total change of scene desirable; her own affectionate heart also longed after her native country and the friends of her youth, and she accordingly commissioned a friend to purchase for her a residence, with a small portion of land, in that part of Ireland in which she had been brought up. She had been formerly intimate with lady Clanlavon, as well as with the family of her late lord, and it was with pleasure she found that her new property bordered on the lands of Clanlavon.

Castle. Lady Clanlavon immediately visited her, and her wish to cultivate an intimacy was much increased by an introduction to Emily, whose innocent manners, interesting appearance, and extraordinary talents, first raised her admiration, and whose modest excellence, as it unfolded itself, soon commanded her affection and esteem.

The earl of Clanlavon, then between seventeen and eighteen, was, at their first acquaintance, absent on a tour through Scotland, with his tutor, and his cousin Montague; but on his return he anxiously desired to be introduced to the fair favourite at Clanlavon Castle, of whom his sisters had written with the warmest affection and praise. When he saw Emily, he was less struck by the beauty than by the expression of her form and face. It was not her features, formed in nature's finest mould, he loved to gaze on—it was the serenity which reigned on a forehead whose snowy fairness was emblematical of the pure candour which there seemed to deny.

the possibility of ought but truth—it was the lustre of those eyes, whose bright expression varied from the smile of sportive playfulness, to fill with the tear of pity or of tenderness, or shed those radiant glances “which genius beams from beauty’s eye”—it was the varying colour which changed with every changing emotion; the radiance which, when she smiled, seemed to illumine her whole countenance—it was the air of unaffected ease, which changed to that of diffidence, and seemed to shrink from admiration the moment it became apparent—it was that look where

“ Nature’s legend so distinctly tells—  
In this fair shrine a fairer spirit dwells,”

that gave to Clanlavon an idea of those veiled treasures of mind, which the intimacy of friendship would bring to light; and for a long time their intimacy with each other seemed to be of the same character with that which subsisted between her and his sisters. Under this guise of friendship, he hung on all Emily’s

*words and looks—found something in*  
every observation she uttered superior to  
any thing he had ever heard on the same  
subject—entered into all her feelings—  
admired all she admired with double ener-  
gy—loved as she loved—disliked as she  
disapproved.

Mrs. Nugent saw enough in this to  
make her fear that such fond endearing  
attentions, such apparent similarity of char-  
acter, might create an interest in his fa-  
vour in the heart of her niece, at the same  
time that she did not see enough to con-  
vince her, at his early age, that he had  
fixed his affections on her as the object of  
that exclusive attachment which would in  
that case be necessary to her happiness.  
The caresses of his family too created  
doubts on the subject—“Would lady Clan-  
avon,” she thought, “so fond of rank and  
splendour, distinguish with so much par-  
tiality a girl who could add to neither,  
had she reason to apprehend that her son  
had any serious thoughts of making her  
his wife?”

In this she misjudged lady Clanalvon; she loved rank and splendour, it is true, but she felt he had enough of both; the elegance and loveliness of Emily had captivated her fancy, and she looked forward with complacency to the probability of presenting her to the world as her daughter-in-law.

After a summer passed in growing intimacy and affection between the families, the Clanalvons had removed to Dublin for the winter, and on their return, Emily, grown and improved in beauty, was lovelier than ever in the eyes of Clanalvon. Her regard for him too had strengthened during his absence. Through the winter she had been constant in her benevolent visits to the poor around; and in every cottage she entered she found the praises of their young lord the sweetest theme of each individual. Stories of his benevolence, his disinterested goodness—the kindness and generosity with which he relieved, by degrees became dearer to her than any other conversation with her patients; and by

degrees she found that in the evening chat with her aunt, every other subject was dull until she had called forth her admiration, by repeating some of the traits she had heard of lord Clanalvon's excellence. When she received him on his return to the country, she felt herself conversing with a being superior to the pleasing and interesting youth with whom she had parted.

This intimacy had now continued for upwards of three years, during which the same appearance of devoted attachment continued increasing on the part of lord Clanalvon. He was now of age, and his silence on the subject was yet unbroken. The anxious aunt hardly knew how to act—on one hand she saw the danger of his daily gaining ground in the affections of her niece, without such an explicit declaration of his sentiments as could secure her against a disappointment, of which his conduct at Mrs. Mansfield's ball made her more than ever apprehensive; and in this view of the subject, prudence seemed to call on her to check the progress of an in-

timacy which might be attended with the most distressing consequences; but, on the other hand, a young man possessed of so many estimable and attractive qualities, whose mind seemed peculiarly calculated to appreciate that of her Emily—a place in a family so amiable—a coronet, and an estate of fifteen thousand a-year, were not objects to be sacrificed to a perhaps needless caution.

After some hours of anxious fluctuation, Mrs. Nugent was at last determined on accepting the invitation, by a consideration of the stability and rationality of Emily's character. She knew her to be incapable of the light and thoughtless fancies by which some girls are led to suppose themselves attached to any man who pays them marked attention, when, in fact, they rather love the assiduities than the lover. If Emily loved lord Clanalvon, her attachment was founded on approbation of his character, and this was a sentiment over which absence could have

little influence ; besides, so great was Emily's abhorrence of whatever was inconsistent with truth and honour, that if he should, without the provocation of any unkindness on her part, withdraw the appearance of devoted affection he had hitherto shewn her, the evil would in itself furnish its own best antidote ; while, if an excuse for such a change was furnished, the generous and indulgent candour of her nature would not fail to plead it in his behalf.

Mrs. Nugent and Emily were welcomed in the hall of Clanalvon Castle by the joyful embraces of Elizabeth and Olivia, who conducted them to the apartment where their brother lay on a couch, from which he was still unable to rise. Lady Clanalvon, affectionately shocked at the pale and altered looks of Emily, and habitually more engaged with her own feelings than attentive to those of others, threw her arms around her, exclaiming—" My sweet girl, how pale you are grown ! how thin !"

and kissed her with an emotion of fondness which shewed to what cause she attributed the alteration.

Agitated and confounded, Emily could only look to her aunt, who calmly observed—"We have both suffered much anxiety for our young friend, of whose danger we at first heard very exaggerated accounts, and Emily is not very strong."

While Clanlavon fervently grasped the hand of Emily, all traces of illness seemed lost in the animated but agitated joy which glowed on his countenance. He had heard his mother's observation—he had seen the embarrassment of Emily, and tenderly endeavoured to relieve it, by directing her attention to Olivia, whose health and spirits, he said, had been severely injured by her anxious nursetending.

Mrs. Nugent, kind, warm-hearted, gentle, and amiable, exerted herself to save, as much as was possible, the fatigue of the exhausted nursetenders; and the day after their arrival, Olivia was prevailed on, for

the first time, to breathe the air in a short walk with Emily.

Elizabeth, feeling that her care would be long necessary to her brother, had, from the time her own anxiety permitted her, endeavoured, in every way, to prevent her strength and spirits failing, while they were needful to the beloved invalid. She was now, therefore, able to entertain and enliven him, while Olivia, who would not remit her anxious watch, sat pale and lifeless by his side, furnishing a new source of uneasiness to her mother and sister, as well as to the object of her solicitude.

To the restoration of her health and spirits, Emily devoted the most affectionate attention; she seemed to be the prime object of her visit, for never did a selfish wish to enjoy the conversation of Clanalvon, or to be herself the person who administered to his comfort or amusement, induce her to omit drawing Olivia from his apartment, and accompanying her in her walks and airings. But in her cares for her,

Clanlavon was not forgotten ; he was passionately fond of music—neither of his sisters sung—and it was his greatest delight to hang on the harmonious tones of Emily.

Every day, every hour, formed some new tie between them ; and Mrs. Nugent now began to reproach herself for having ever feared for the steadiness of his attachment ; it was now so unequivocally expressed in his whole manner, so visibly understood and approved by his family, that to doubt it was to doubt his honour and theirs ; she also saw, though no longer with alarm, that Emily's heart was deeply engaged to him.

Never did an attachment seem formed under more happy auspices, or less exposed to the fluctuations to which human happiness is liable. Childish friendship had led to the intimacy by which they acquired a perfect knowledge of each other's character, and that knowledge led to the full and perfect union of heart which the friends

of both now regarded with pleased approbation.

“ ‘Twas the pure, open, prosperous love,  
Which, form’d on earth, and seal’d above,  
Grows in the world’s approving eyes,  
In friendship’s smile and home’s caress,  
*Uniting all the heart’s sweet ties*  
Into one knot of happiness.”

But there seems to be a certain portion of sorrow necessary for the purpose of expanding the virtues, or eradicating the faults of every created being.

One day, as the whole party were assembled in the apartment of Clanalvon, Montague asked Miss Nugent, had she heard of the manner in which he had got the fall which had caused so tedious an illness?

“ I did,” answered Emily ; “ but indeed I was so much shocked by the accident, I could scarcely attend to the particulars.”

Montague then related the circumstances.—“ Captain Sutton, a young man of very small income, was anxious to dispose of a horse, for which he asked fifty

guineas. The gentleman who was going to purchase it said it was not worth thirty. Sutton offered to make a very difficult and dangerous leap, which, if the horse completed, the purchaser said he *would consider him worthy of the price* his owner demanded. Sutton made the attempt and failed. Clanalvon, who could not bear his disappointment, sprung from his saddle, and mounting the horse, put him to the leap. The horse fell; Clanalvon was dashed to a considerable distance, and his first words, on being raised, were — “I will take the horse myself, Sutton.”

Emily’s expressive colour had risen during the narration, and she turned on its hero a smile full of admiration.

Mrs. Nugent observed, that from what she had heard of Mr. Sutton’s character, he was not a man entitled to such an instance of zealous friendship.

“Oh, you do not know Clanalvon,” replied his mother; “good-nature in him prompts actions that would be proofs of friendship in another.”

“ But I am afraid,” said Mrs. Nugent, “ that such good-nature to Mr. Sutton was but little good-nature to the intended purchaser of the horse, for I believe he is a man very capable of imposition in a thing of the kind; nor would the price of a horse be a matter of importance to him, if he had not thrown away a good fortune at the gaming-table.”

“ But if young people,” said lady Clan-alvon, “ were to weigh and examine every thing in that moralizing manner, all the fire and energy of youth would be extinguished.”

“ Certainly,” said Mrs. Nugent; “ we cannot expect young people to reflect as steadily as old ones, but we should endeavour to give them such just views of every subject as will enable them, when they do reflect, to judge correctly.”

“ Well,” said lady Clanalvon, peevishly, “ if he has acted so very wrongly as you seem to think, no one has suffered by it but himself.”

“ No one but himself, mamma!” ex-

claimed lady Elizabeth; "look at poor Olivia."

"And if," added Montague, "Clan-alvon had succeeded in the leap, Mr. Jones would have suffered what he has done, instead of him, for the horse was certainly not equal to it, even if Clan-alvon's horsemanship had brought him once through it."

"And do you suppose, Charles," cried lady Clan-alvon, "that your cousin meant to impose on Mr. Jones?"

"No, indeed," replied Montague, laughing; "but I am very certain he never thought about it—he saw but one side of the question."

"You are right there, Charles," said Clan-alvon.

"And so," resumed his mother, indignantly, "the fault which has occasioned all this lecturing is, that he did a good-natured action, frankly and generously, without pausing to consider on all the circumstances that might possibly be con-

nected with it ; and that his sister loved *him so tenderly as to suffer in her health* by her anxiety for his. One of his sisters, at least, shews that he possesses qualities capable of attaching her ; and if there is a fault in that, it is Olivia's, not his."

" Her attachment cannot be stronger than he deserves," said Charles ; " but, aunt, since you put the question, perhaps there was a fault in her manner of shewing it, for she harassed her delicate frame to a degree that often made Clanlavon uneasy, when tranquillity was of the utmost importance to him. I dare say she remembers herself one night I almost quarrelled with her, when he could not go to sleep from anxiety about her sitting up with him."

" I know I acted very foolishly," said Olivia ; " I often staid with him when quite exhausted, merely to indulge my own feelings, when I was not in the least wanted, and was, in consequence, much less useful than either mamma or Lizzy. I know I cannot love him more than

Lizzy does; but I have less good sense  
*and self-command.*"

"Or rather, my love, you have more sensibility," replied lady Clanalvon.

"My aunt," said Montague, "admires sensibility as a beautiful weakness, while Elizabeth rates it higher, and values it as a sentiment connected with the most solid principles."

Lady Clanalvon turned to Emily, and asked—"Does my sweet Emily, who has so much sensibility herself, condemn poor Clanalvon as much as the rest seem to do?"

"I do not believe," she answered, "that any one condemns him. That good-nature which flows spontaneously from a natural kindness of disposition that delights in seeing every one pleased, all must consider a very amiable and very——" she was going to say "endearing quality," but dropped the words, and proceeded—"but yet it is not entitled to that higher praise which belongs to that more enlightened sentiment of benevolence, which, feeling

for all, and overlooking none, must necessarily be inseparably connected with the strictest sense of justice : the one is only *an amiable instinct*, that may or may not mislead—the other is a solid principle of virtue; and I am sure it is in the first light lord Clanalvon himself regards this instance of his kindness."

" Certainly," said Clanalvon, who was ever sensible of truth from her lips, even when it militated against the bias of his education—" certainly, the good-nature which is not founded on justice is liable to injure one in serving another, or even to injure its immediate object."

" And this principle," said Mrs. Nugent, " should, by consideration, be rendered so habitual to the mind, that it can be acted on spontaneously."

But Clanalvon heard her not; his thoughts hung on Emily's obsevation, in which, it must be confessed, he contemplated rather the mental loveliness of her who uttered it, than the useful lesson to be derived from it.

Never had Clanlavon known a period of more perfect happiness than that in which he lay confined to a couch, suffering a considerable degree of bodily pain, *but receiving from Emily those little kind attentions which sickness requires, enchanted by her conversation, soothed by her harmonious voice, or, when unable to enjoy either, cheered by the mere consciousness of her presence.* His strength had been alarmingly reduced by the violent fever consequent on his hurts; and he scarcely ventured to acknowledge to himself its return, feeling as if any change would dissolve the charm which surrounded him; but by degrees his confinement grew irksome, as he became impatient to walk about at liberty, so as to obtain an opportunity of speaking with Emily alone.

Four weeks had passed at Clanlavon Castle before the Nugents returned home, and Clanlavon was then the avowed and accepted lover of Emily. Their marriage was determined on, and only waited for

the return of sir James Gray, who had in his possession some necessary papers, which, not foreseeing that they might be wanted during his absence, and expecting till the last moment to see Clanalvon, he had neglected to send to him before his departure. Bitterly did the young lover now regret the indulgence of that sensibility which had led him to postpone his business with him, for the pleasure of dancing with Emily at a ball, and the fear of disappointing the scheming mother who gave it.

Once known, Emily Nugent must be loved—once loved, she must be loved for ever. Clanalvon felt this, as her increasing confidence in him removed the veil which had hitherto shaded many of her excellencies and attractions. Together they now visited the tenants who would soon become hers, and together they arranged plans for the happiness of those dependent on them. The life they proposed to lead was the most delightful mixture of seclusion and social intercourse

—of study and amusement; each thought that only the future could exceed their present happiness. Clanalvon could not think of any thing but as it was connected with her; in her his whole mind was wrapt up; and absent from her, he felt that every power of enjoyment would cease. His love—the affection of his family—the society of her aunt—so fond, so beloved—the power of being useful to her fellow-creatures—was all Emily desired, and she possessed it.

The period of Elizabeth's marriage with her cousin Charles Montague, could not as yet be ascertained. Though the only child of his mother, he possessed but a small younger son's portion, his father having had a large family by a former marriage. His destination was for the church, in which he had well-founded hopes of immediate provision, when he should have attained the age for ordination, of which he still wanted some months, and lady Clanalvon wished to defer his marriage

with her daughter, until these hopes were realized, not thinking the interest of her fortune, which was about twenty thousand pounds, sufficient to support her in a style suitable to her education and early habits. Clanlavon, however, secretly determined to make such arrangements for them, as would reconcile his mother to their marriage taking place at the same time as his own.

Lady Clanlavon was not insensible to the consideration that her admired daughter might have made a much higher match, but she felt it a duty to suffer her children in marriage to follow their own unconfined choice; and in the case of Charles, her extreme attachment to his mother, her affection for himself, and the similarity she observed in his character to that of Elizabeth, coincided with this principle. She considered them both as worthy, sensible, well-principled, and warm-hearted, very deficient in that glowing energy of sensibility of which she was an adorer, and every way very well suited to each other.

Mrs. Nugent, who, though meek and gentle in her disposition, possessed a becoming pride in the ancient and illustrious family of her niece, felt it proper that she should be presented at court as Miss Nugent, before she appeared there as countess of Clanalvon. Lady Clanalvon also wished to present lady Elizabeth (for Olivia was yet too young) before she was sunk into a parson's wife, and longed to do the honours of her son's splendid and newly-furnished house in town, before another should become its mistress. It was therefore determined that both families should remove to Dublin for the winter.

Many a tearful eye followed the carriage which bore Miss Nugent from her home; her dependants confessed this was very selfish in them, when she was going to enjoy herself, but still the tears continued to flow. Emily afterwards said it was a presentiment of the meeting they were next destined to have.

Gaily the aunt and niece proceeded on a journey, in which every prospect of

pleasure seemed opening to them. Emily believed she could not be happier than she had been in the country, but yet, with unaffected simplicity and youthful vivacity, she suffered her animated fancy to look forward with pleasure to the amusements of novelty and variety, which did not separate her from the persons most dear to her heart.

The first evening they spent in Dublin seemed a happy beginning of their stay there. Lord Clanalvon came to inquire if they were arrived, and remained with them, until Mrs. Nugent playfully reminded him that such unpractised travellers as she and Emily required rest. The look of fixed tenderness with which her lover then regarded her was long after remembered by Emily.

Few people were yet collected in Dublin, and for several days the families of Clanalvon and Nugent were all to each other. Charles Montague might almost be called a member of the former; for though he had lodgings in town, and oc-

asionally separate engagements, the greater part of every day was spent with them.

The family of lord Howard was among the first of their acquaintance who came to town, and their arrival rather enlarged the family circle than changed the style of amusement, for neither lord or lady Howard deigned to leave their own house, except on very magnificent occasions; and it was the delight of Robert, their only grown-up child, to mix as if he were already one of Olivia Fitzmaurice's family; indeed, had he not loved her, and he did love her with all the warm enthusiasm of his soul, Howard would have found more pleasure in their house than in any other place, for his affection and admiration for Clanalvon were absolutely unbounded; his saying a thing was right, in Robert's opinion made it so; and a glance from him could at any time check his enthusiastic friend from the pursuit of the object he most wildly wished to attain, for Clanalvon looked to him to stop, and it must be wrong.

His was a mind which might have been made any thing, and which had, until his intimacy with the Clanalvons, been wholly uncultivated. It was now filled with brilliant but unarranged and immatured ideas of love, honour, friendship, patriotism, which displayed a naturally fine and noble character; and with a degree of almost fierce bravery, he possessed a degree of softness and tenderness of heart not often excelled by woman. Lady Olivia, who had never thought of love but in the forms of natural affection, friendship, or general benevolence, loved him, without having ever weighed her own sentiments towards him; he was conscious of it, and thought he could not better deserve her attachment than by following wherever her brother led.

One morning, when Clanalvon came to Mrs. Nugent's house, Emily, who received him alone, remarked the more than common pleasure and animation which sparkled in his countenance; her eyes brightened with a corresponding emotion, and a

look of inquiry encouraged him to proceed—"Emily," he said, "you know I must have no secrets from you—I feel very happy to-day, for I have relieved a distressed fellow-creature."

"The happiest of all feelings," replied Emily.

"It is that unfortunate Sutton; I have just found that he has a brother in prison for a debt which he can never pay, and which, I understand, this poor fellow is endeavouring to save up for him; but he never can, if he were to half-starve himself."

Emily smiled, and tears of delighted admiration of the generous action she fore-saw he was about to relate, filled her eyes—"And you have released him?" said she.

"Yes, I have given a promissory note for the amount of the debt, which is two thousand pounds."

She started at the magnitude of the sum, and asked—"But can you afford it, and are you sure you are not imposed on?

Is Mr. Sutton a man who would really intend to save to such an extent for his brother?"

"For that I cannot answer," said Clandalvon, blushing; "but I have been told so, and it is not at all impossible, for he is a very good-natured fellow, with all his faults. That brother is always in scrapes, and he has helped him out of two or three before this."

"Good-nature can go great lengths," said Emily, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"As to the expence," he continued, "you know I afforded a hundred pounds yesterday for a horse, and four hundred, a few days ago, for a phæton, and shall I not afford four times as much to save a fellow-creature's life? As to the danger of my income not reaching all this extravagance, do not fear; for sir James Gray is such a teasing cautious old man, though the most warm-hearted friendly being on earth, that I never mind half what he says."

Accustomed to the management of a small income, Emily could scarcely conceive a fortune large enough to bear such enormous expenditure; but as she knew that the Clanalvon estates were immense, she cordially approved the liberality of her lover, and forbore to cast a cloud over his worthily-gratified feelings.

“Then,” resumed he, “since you do not think I have acted foolishly, I have something else to tell you.”

“Observe,” said Emily, laughing, “I have not said that you have acted wisely.”

“Had my Emily been with me, she would have prompted all I did.” He then related to her, that while arranging the business for Sutton, he observed a prisoner in the same room, who was confined for a debt of about five hundred pounds, contracted under circumstances of peculiar distress. This prisoner, on hearing of his large fortune, cast such a look of agitated doubtful emotion towards him, that he could not, for his life, as he said, forbear realizing the hope that had for a moment

banished the pallid hue of dejection from his countenance. There was another also, a woman and a widow, whom he found it impossible not to release for the trifling sum of fifty pounds. He concluded his narrative by observing, that the whole amount, prison fees and all, fell considerably short of three thousand pounds.

“ It is a large sum,” said Emily, thoughtfully, “ and nobly bestowed. I have no right to say it is too large, because I do not precisely know what your circumstances are; but remember that your heedlessness on the subject has left you nearly as ignorant as I am; and if it should prove that this sum was spent unworthily, and that hereafter some really-deserving object should want a small proportion of it, when you have it not to give, I know you will wish you had been more cautious. Your heart is too liberal,” she added, affectionately smiling, “ for those who love you not to feel pain in seeing your purse too lavishly emptied.”

The conversation was for some time

carried on between them by observations on the public benefit which might be derived from that regular and even economy in the expenditure of a large fortune, which at once furnishes a steady source of profit to industry, and leaves a supply ready for every emergency; and Clanalvon felt and uttered sentiments on the subject as prudent as they were generous, because he now viewed it through the medium of his own and his Emily's reason, and not through that of a sensibility too easily acted on.

Lady Clanalvon was now exulting in the midst of the delightful bustle of preparation for her own and daughter's presentation at the drawing-room, expence and fancy being only checked by the consideration of the necessity of leaving, in the magazines of taste, something still more splendid for their appearance on the birth-night. The greater part of her mornings was spent in shopping, the rest in sitting at the milliner's, repeating her orders, or suggesting alterations; and the conversa-

tion or book of the evening was frequently interrupted by the sudden recollection of something that might improve the effect, and Elizabeth as frequently chidden for her apathy on a subject into which she had at first entered with the pleasure natural to her age, but of which she soon became completely weary.

Very different was the mode of preparation adopted by Mrs. Nugent and Emily, who had devoted one morning to making their purchases; and after concise but judicious directions, consigned the important affair to the discretion of the most established milliner, calling occasionally to ascertain that all would be ready in proper time. In their orders for Emily's dress, they endeavoured to observe a due medium between the smallness of her fortune and greatness of her prospects—neither liable to be censured as too extravagant for the one, or deficient in whatever might be considered suitable to the other.

Great was the triumph of lady Clanlavon, when she heard in the circle around

her the whispered praises of her own fine form, the beauty of her daughter and intended daughter-in-law, and the manly graces of her son; and every smile which the praise of her beautiful Elizabeth called to her lips was followed by another, raised by the secret consciousness of the still higher admiration which would be excited by her still more beautiful Olivia.

Clanalvon's attentions were entirely devoted to his chosen bride, and he thought that scarcely even when she hung over his couch at Clanalvon Castle had she looked so lovely as she now did, animated but not elated by the gay scene surrounding her—pleased by the admiration she excited, as she saw it gave him pleasure—as much gratified by that bestowed on his sister as on herself—enjoying the brilliancy and variety so new to her, yet in her whole manner timidly indicating that his conversation, his attention, gave her more pleasure than all beside. Never had he felt with more tranquil assurance the certainty that she loved him,

This night Emily was surprised and rejoiced to meet a young lady, to whom she had once been much attached; it was Miss Hazlewood, the only daughter, and now the heiress of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Mr. Nugent's living in England, at whose house the infancy of Emily had passed some of its happiest hours. When she blushingly introduced lord Clanlavon to Miss Hazlewood, he thought she was almost ugly; but as Emily continued near her, and he was obliged to notice her, he saw her face illumining gradually, until in the end of the evening he gratified her friend by thinking her beautiful. Her manners were timid, but graceful and attractive; her whole appearance calculated to inspire interest rather than admiration. She seemed unhappy; and Emily, in the full enjoyment of life herself, peculiarly felt for those whose lot appeared less fortunate.

“ I met Miss Hazlewood constantly last winter, and never noticed her until last night. Emily, I shall grow yet more am-

bitious of your affection, if I find it thus throws a lustre over all who possess it," said Clanalvon, playfully, when he came to see Emily next morning.

" I loved Cecilia Hazlewood, when we were children, more than I can tell you," replied Emily; " she is about three years older than me, and I used to consider her quite as a superior being—so generous, so soft, so exquisitely alive to feelings both of joy and sorrow, so warm and constant in her affection; in short, I scarcely ever met a mind so interesting, or a character so poetical—so much what one imagines of the heroines of poetry and romance."

Just as she finished speaking, and Clanalvon was thinking what was the magic charm which hung on every word that fell from her lips, Miss Hazlewood entered. She hung on Emily with fondling expressions of tenderness and joy at being reunited to her, without seeming conscious of the presence of a third person, until Emily recalled her recollection of it by

saying—"I believe I introduced lord Clanalvon to you last night?"

Lord Clanalvon, interested by her enthusiastic fondness for his Emily, soon drew her into conversation; she joined in it with a brilliancy and animation which surprised them both, the pensive languor of her manner making it wholly unexpected; but there was apparent in all her sentiments a weak helplessness, a leaning upon others, inconsistent with the energy of character of which the force of her expressions upon some occasions conveyed the idea.

Before she went, Clanalvon was obliged to leave them, to keep an appointment with Robert Howard.—"Oh, Emily! you are happy!" exclaimed Miss Hazlewood, sighing; "you seem so universally beloved."

"I am very happy," replied Emily; "I have every reason to be so."

"Such society as you enjoy—such intercourse of mind!" continued Miss Hazlewood; "you are surrounded by those

who can understand you—who value you. How many eyes I saw last night turned with affectionate delight on you, watching the admiration you excited! while I ——” She paused, raised her eyes, and sighed again.

“ My dear Cecilia,” said Emily, kindly, “ come to us constantly—my aunt will always be delighted to have you here, and believe me, when you are with us, you are with those who truly love and value you. Do give us much of your society. I am a stranger to you now, but you loved me formerly; and my feelings are not changed, nor are those of my aunt, to whom you were once so much attached. Do promise me, dearest Cecilia, to dine with us to-morrow.”

Miss Hazlewood gratefully promised.

“ And,” added Emily, “ we shall introduce you to the ladies Fitzmaurice, and their mother and cousin—they are indeed a delightful family, and I am sure you will all like each other; you cannot know

them, as lady Clanalvon is only this year bringing her daughter into company."

"Is lord Clanalvon their cousin?" asked Miss Hazlewood, carelessly, as if interrupted in the course of her thoughts.

"No, their brother," replied Emily; "I never saw brothers and sisters so attached."

"I never had a brother or sister," Cecilia said; "I never had a companion I loved since I lost you."

"Nor had I, Cecilia, except my aunt, until I knew the Fitzmaurices, and to-morrow you shall know them also," said Emily.

"I fear," replied Miss Hazlewood, with a melancholy smile, "I fear, my dear Emily, I have no longer your power of enjoyment. I do not think the most joyous event could now give me the pleasure which in our childish days I found in the merest trifles."

"Is it the death of your father that has thus broken your spirits?" asked Emily, tenderly; "I have lost one as kind, as

dear, yet I am cheerful and happy ;" her voice faltered, and tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

" I loved—adored my father !" replied Cecilia, energetically ; " but it is not his death which thus oppresses me ; perhaps it ought to be, but it is not."

" Dear Cecilia," said Emily, kindly laying her hand on hers, " I do not wish to press upon your confidence ; but if it will relieve you to communicate your sorrows to a friend, tell me what is this hidden affliction ?"

The question embarrassed Cecilia, who, after a moment's hesitation, said—" I have no real affliction, no actual cause of sorrow ; but then I have no source of happiness, and surely affliction itself is preferable to the dreary vacuity of perfect blank."

" But you live with worthy amiable people, who love you with parental affection : is there no pleasure in making them happy ?"

" Yes, they are very good and very kind : I love them both, and should be very

sorry that any thing should give them pain, but they have not the sort of minds that mine could sympathize with. I am always tired of their society, and they never seem to enjoy mine."

"They have no great reason," said Emily, laughing, "if you are tired of theirs; but could you not, by the exertion of your charming talents, amuse them even in amusing yourself?"

"I do play and sing for them sometimes, but think how wearisome it must be to me to perform for people who have no taste! you know how passionately fond my father was of music, and with what nicety of judgment and ecstacy of delight he used to hang on his darling Cecilia's voice: my drawing too, and every thing he delighted in, seem thrown away upon them."

Emily thought that so she might have felt, but for the dear affectionate aunt, who loved her as tenderly as her father had done. After a moment's pause, she asked — "Are they not indulgent to you? Do

they not allow you to have company at home, or to go out whenever you please?"

"Oh yes, all that kind of thing; but then there has been no one I particularly liked—no one I wished to see, and I have no enjoyment in company merely for its own sake, when there is no one there that I care to meet."

"But, dear Cecilia, does not your immense fortune alone open to you a source of the noblest enjoyments? Consider all the good you may do—all the happiness you may diffuse by means of it."

"That would indeed be delightful in the country," said Cecilia, brightening, for her heart was really benevolent—"to live surrounded by my own tenantry—to visit them in their cottages; health and plenty, content and cheerfulness, following my steps—to be looked up to as the benefactress, the guardian angel, of a happy community flourishing by my care! But in town, you know, that kind of thing is impossible, the poor are so nasty, and live in such odious places."

“ Certainly in Dublin,” said Emily, “ there is so much imposition practised on the inexperienced, that you perhaps would give your money to more advantage through the hands of others; but with your ideas of happiness in the country, such an amiable, such a useful plan of happiness, why do you not fix your residence on your own estate?”

“ I hope to do so next summer, when I shall be of age,” answered Miss Hazlewood; “ but even then it will be only living for the happiness of others. I shall have no social circle to form a happiness for myself—no one to love me above all others, as your aunt, for instance, does you—no corresponding mind which can unite with mine in the same pursuits, the same pleasures, the same sorrows, the same tastes.”

“ Ah, my dear Cecilia!” interrupted Emily, “ I fear you have set your views of happiness too high; you cannot find happiness in any thing, because you look for more than any thing can afford; far

from happiness, not even content, can be found in this fluctuating and imperfect state of things; but by cheerfully taking the evil with the good, there is no happiness here so perfect as to be without a cloud, and when we are placed, as you certainly are, in the sunshine of life, if we suffer that cloud to intercept our view of it, we are unhappy, rather from our own fault than from the want of means to be otherwise."

This was the true secret of Miss Hazlewood's unhappiness. She had formed visionary views of earthly felicity so bright, so highly coloured, that every thing real seemed dim and faded in the comparison. Like every generous and susceptible heart, hers valued highly the pleasures of friendship, but placed the requisites for it so far above all human perfection, that she never enjoyed it. The slightest prejudice against a person's look or manner made her give up the idea of finding in them any thing to love; yet still she felt that she could ardently love,

could she find an object worthy of her affection. In her father she had formerly found this object, and his fond idolatry of his only child had greatly contributed to the errors of her character; he could find no fault in her, and taught her to believe that none existed, so that all her sentiments and feelings passed through her mind unweighed and unexamined; in his death, the loss of his fond admiration, his watchful indulgence, that even outran his wishes, left that void in her heart that now preyed on her spirits. In Emily Nugent she might have hoped to find the friend she sought, for in her every thing external combined to give that charm which her mind required, to call forth the feelings due to the worth her reason and principles acknowledged; but she feared that her affections were already too much divided, and a selfishness, which she cherished as sensibility, demanded even in friendship an exclusive attachment. The fastidious delicacy which can only love where every thing coincides to please, and

is revolted by every defect, whether it is the cause or effect of selfishness, is never failingly accompanied by it; free disinterested affection can love what is valuable or attaching, and glances with indulgent eyes over what is defective; but self-love delights only in what pleases self, and is more properly the preference of taste than of real affection.

The selfishness of Cecilia was the effect rather of education than of natural disposition; her quick and lively sensibility, instead of being directed to the consideration of the feelings of others, was, by imprudent indulgence, turned wholly on herself, and became a refined species of selfishness, so subtle, and so ready to find its own pleasure in seeing others pleased, that it escaped her own observation. She was too just, too upright, knowingly to sacrifice the interests or comforts of others to her own; but her feelings, though ardent when aroused, were inert, and did not act until they were acted upon; con-

sequently, on every occasion, she saw but one side of the question ; whatever object caught her fancy she pursued with ardour, while no monitor within her own breast started up to warn her that she was crossing the path of another.

When she went to keep her engagement with Emily, she was rejoiced to find only the aunt and niece ; but in the evening the entrance of the whole Clanalvon family and Mr. Howard put to flight the bright idea she was just beginning to form, that Emily had purposely not asked any other person, in order to have more exclusively her society ; as the introductions were made, however, not one fault did she see in the appearance of these friends ; with lady Clanalvon she was quite enchanted ; and again her countenance beamed that bright expressive smile which Emily delightedly received, as a proof of her admiration of her new acquaintance.

Clanalvon seated himself between Miss Hazlewood and Emily ; lady Olivia was

on the other side of the former, and with her Cecilia's fancy was charmed, as with her mother.

Cecilia's talent for music had long remained unexerted, and now she joined her lovely voice with that of Emily, seemingly unconscious of the admiration with which others hung upon her tones. Her own soul dwelt on them, and on those of Emily, with a rapture of musical enthusiasm which excluded every other feeling. She sung without appearing to remember that any person was present, except her whose feathery touch flew over the harp, and whose melodious voice mingled its sweetness with her own, until the delighted applause of Clanlavon, making her turn her eyes to his animated countenance, gave a new impulse to her awakened feelings, and made her wish for conversation. She stopped—she would sing no more; and they fell into an animated discussion of the powers of music, which soon led them into other fields of literature.

The party round the harp consisted of the two ladies Fitzmaurice, Cecilia, Emily, Clanalvon, Charles, Howard, and some other young people.

At a little distance from them, Mrs. Nugent and lady Clanalvon were engaged in conversation with some elder ladies, among whom Mrs. Hastings (the wife of Cecilia's guardian) was not, as indisposition prevented her accepting Mrs. Nugent's invitation.

“How sweetly Miss Hazlewood sings! She is a lovely, attractive creature!”

“She is indeed a most amiable and pleasing little girl,” replied Mrs. Nugent; “and I am sure will make a most excellent wife, whenever she marries.”

“With her immense fortune,” a lady observed, “I wonder she has been allowed to grow up disengaged.”

“Oh,” exclaimed lady Clanalvon, “I do not think wealth could make any difference—I do not believe the world to be so mercenary! What is this wonder-

working fortune that can enhance the charms of Miss Hazlewood?"

"Ten thousand a-year," replied Mrs. Nugent.

"It is a splendid fortune," said lady Clanalvon; "but surely in marriage, fortune and rank, and things of that sort, ought not to be considered. I have not considered them with my children. Elizabeth will marry a Mr. Montague," laying a strong emphasis on the word Mr. "a younger brother, a man of no fortune; and, with my most glad consent, my son will marry a portionless girl."

"That girl is a Nugent," said a friend of that family, reddening, "and on whom could a Nugent more properly bestow her hand than on a Fitzmaurice?"

"And on whom," added Mrs. Nugent, smiling, "should an Emily Nugent bestow it but on such a Fitzmaurice?"

"Your ladyship," said a maiden cousin of Charles's father, drawing herself up, "your ladyship, in speaking of Mr. Montague, seems to forget, that he is de-

scended from the most ancient families of England and Ireland; and that, though not an earl, he is of a family as high, in most of its branches, as that of Fitzmaurice—a family of which some individuals have before now refused earls; and that he is possessed in himself of merit, abilities, and personal advantages, which might entitle him, if his heart were not otherwise engaged, to aspire even to the wealthy and accomplished heiress, Miss Hazlewood."

Lady Clanalvon, somewhat piqued, replied—"If all parties were disengaged, it would appear that Miss Hazlewood might make a different selection," glancing her eyes triumphantly on her son.

Mrs. Nugent, startled at the suggestion, directed hers to the face of her niece, and saw there such a mixture of animated pleasure and soft serenity, as instantly calmed the newly-awakened doubt.

Emily saw Clanalvon appearing to the highest advantage; she saw her dejected friend brightened into the most glowing

animation ; she saw smiles and cheerfulness all around her, and her own happy heart and brilliant eyes reflected the expression. Never did a flutter of gaiety untune her voice, or agitate her look or manner ; and at this moment, in the full flow of youthful vivacity, her countenance, as she returned the smile of her aunt, conveyed the fullest idea of Thomson's beautiful expression—" animated peace."

After the departure of Miss Hazlewood, all the company united in admiration of her talents and manners, and in concern for the visible dejection that at times obscured them, which was attributed to the loss of her father, who had been for four years her only parent.

Clanlavon expressed much delight in the pleasure she seemed to receive from the circle she was now introduced to, telling Emily that her friend had secured a high place in his regard, by the fervent affection she expressed for her ; he also observed with admiration that she ap-

peared perfectly free from the spirit of rivalry so common among young ladies, and seemed as much gratified by the applause given to Emily's musical powers as to her own.

The Clanalvons, Nugents, and Cecilia, met again in a larger company, the following night, and here Clanalvon introduced to his party lord Belville, a young man in whose manners every attraction of every country were gracefully and pleasingly combined. He had travelled much, and his information, though not deep, was extensive; he possessed great knowledge of the world, and an astonishing insight into character.

Clanalvon was captivated with his new acquaintance, and in one half-hour's conversation lord Belville saw his ruling foible. He introduced him to his father and mother, the earl of Dormer and his fascinating lady, who, resembling her son in beauty and in manner, like him won the admiration and enchanted the fancy of Clanalvon. He called on them the next

day, was invited to dinner, and commenced an intimacy with a family of whose morals and principles he knew nothing, for he angrily refused to listen to any advice on the subject, feeling it an ungenerous caution to doubt merit, where all in the exterior was pleasing and attractive.

One evening, when he called on his new friend to accompany him to a party where both were engaged, he was shewn into a drawing-room, where he found lady Dormer alone, and in an agony of tears. His feelings prompted him to inquire the cause of them, but he only said he feared he had been admitted by mistake, and was going.

Lady Dormer raised her head.—“ Oh, do not—do not go,” she cried; “ perhaps you will stop my tears. I know you can, and I hope you will.”

Clanlavon assured her there was not any thing he would not do for a family so loved and respected.

“ Then it is only,” said she, “ to follow

Belville, and bring him back to me. Oh, do not refuse ! his father is furious, and I know my child will follow you."

With a brightened countenance, Clan-alvon inquired where he should find lord Belville ?

" He is with his club," replied the mother. " Unfortunate boy ! that club will be his ruin, and he has no one to save him—not one friend to prevent his destruction ! Oh, lord Clanalvon ! if you —you, whom he loves so affectionately —whose principles—whose understanding, he respects so highly—if you would undertake to save my child !—if you would be his guardian angel !—if you would watch over him, and gently lead him from the path he is now pursuing !"

" Surely lord Dormer, his father," Clan-alvon began.

" Oh, has not Belville told you the terms we live on ?" said lady Dormer. " Some little errors of his in London had nearly caused a separation, and on my con-

senting to remain, lord Dormer promised never to interfere with our child, and rigidly has he kept his promise. He would see that boy at ruin's brink, and would not speak one word to save him from it. But, dear lord Clanalvon, go to my boy ; you will be father, brother, every thing to him !”

Clanalvon promised, and at one-and-twenty he became the guardian of a young man two years older, who was deeply and irrecoverably plunged in every species of vice.

When he reached the club-house, he went into a room where a number of young men were assembled. Among them he quickly found the object of his search : the dice-box was in his hand, and as Clanalvon entered the room, he heard him, in a voice of agony, bet thousands on the throw. He lost, and turning from the table, his eyes met those of Clanalvon.—“ Come here, Belville,” he said, drawing him aside, “ what have you lost ?”

“ What I can never pay,” cried Bel-

ville, wildly ; " and I will not live a disgraced debtor ! "

" Stop ! " said Clanalvon, as he was rushing past him ; " stop, Belville ! what is your debt ? "

" My debt here is five thousand pounds, and but for it I might have paid my thousand other debts ; but no matter, it will be settled soon ! I will not live a debtor ! "

" No, you shall not," said Clanalvon ; " allow me to give this gentleman any security for the debt."

Lord Belville's expressions of gratitude were fervent.

The gentleman to whom the debt was contracted refused to take any other security from lord Clanalvon than his word, and this was joyfully given to save his friend.

" Clanalvon, I am not happy yet ! — I cannot repay you ! — I am still wretched ! " said Belville.

" No, no, I will repay myself ; I will try my chance at hazard," cried Clanal-

von, at the moment only alive to the desire of calming Belville's mind. He won a few hundreds, and when about to withdraw, was loudly called on to give the loser another chance. Ashamed to rise a winner, and yet refuse satisfaction, but at the same time anxious to bring Belville home to his mother, he promised to meet them again next evening, positively declaring it should be the last time, whether he won or lost. He accordingly kept his engagement, and in a few hours lost two thousand pounds, for which he had not even received the compensation of amusement, the feelings excited by a gaming-table being far from consonant to his taste.

For a few days he kept his resolution of attending it no more, but lord Belville and his wily mother were not to be easily loosed from the prey on which they had fastened.

Lord Dormer, at the time to which her ladyship had alluded in London, had paid debts to a large amount for his son, and

then peremptorily declared, that if ever he had another shilling of debt to pay for him, he would not only contract within very narrow bounds the ample allowance he now gave him, but would by will cut him off from all participation in his property, except that which was by settlement placed beyond his power. Debts, however, he again contracted, and resorted to the gaming-table, rather for the purpose of discharging them, than from any pleasure he found in it.

With this object in view, he continually wrought upon the generous feelings of Clanalvon, with representations of the wound he felt it to his honour to owe him a debt he could not pay.

Lady Dormer, at the same time, assailed him with her fears that the nice and susceptible honour of her son would lead him to ruin himself by disclosing all to his father, until they persuaded him to think that it would be taking an unhandsome advantage of the obligations he had laid them under, if he refused to let Bel-

ville free himself from them by the only means he saw within his power; and he soon lost to him not only the five thousand pounds he had lent, but three thousand more.

Nor was this all. Lady Dorner had frequently bills to pay, for which she had not money in hand: her next quarter of pin-money would soon be due, but after what had passed between her lord and her, she could not ask it until the exact day. She was ashamed to expose him by asking to borrow from any one, but the dear friend whose kindness had already made him so intimately acquainted with her family affairs; and eloquently expatiating on the cruelty of making poor tradespeople wait for their bills, she often drew from Clanalvon the money which ought to have gone for the payment of his own.

He had too much good sense not to see in all this something calculated to excite suspicion, but suspicion was abhorrent to his frank and open nature.—“Perhaps,”

thought he, “ vexation for the loss of so much money may incline me to see things through a false medium, and lead me to consider as manœuvre what is only the effect of necessity: those who are losers by the conduct of others can never be candid judges.”

Though this reasoning in some measure satisfied his own mind, it could not give him courage to communicate the circumstances to Emily; for though in her

“ Virtue glowed  
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride,”

there was a clearness in her judgment, which, almost unconsciously to himself, he feared would place the characters of his new friends in a light which must destroy the pleasure he found in their fascinating manners, and ardent expressions of gratitude and esteem towards him.

Something of the same sentiment kept him silent on the subject to Elizabeth and Montague. They all saw with pain that his evenings were less uniformly de-

voted to love and family intercourse than formerly, but none of them knew the cause, any farther than that he was engaged in parties with Belville. But as these absences never took place when the two families were united without company, and as some part of every day was devoted to Emily, with all the ardour of unabated love, there was nothing in his conduct of which she could justly complain. She had too much prudence to trammel him in the bonds of jealous tenderness, and was not aware that his time was occupied in a manner injurious to himself.

From fear of his father, lord Belville had taken precautions to prevent his frequent visits to the gaming-table being generally known; and a promise of secrecy which he drew from Clanlavon baffled all the efforts of Montague to learn the truth from him. But at length the vigilance of Montague discovered it, and he pointed out to his cousin the base and selfish passions which must agitate the heart of a

gamester, in a strain of such manly eloquence as led Clanalvon to shudder at the idea that he had been induced, even by inadvertency and motives of kindness, to assume the semblance of such a character; but this character he could not bring himself to believe was Belville's; in his attractive manners he thought he saw a mind formed for better things, and to these he hoped his influence might guide him. To Charles he would not communicate his hopes, as he was aware that he saw Belville in a very different light; the intimacy was therefore continued, but Clanalvon now steadily refused to accompany him to the gaming-table; and Belville, who knew "to shift with every shifting of the scene," cherished his hopes of effecting a reformation in him, and engaged him in promises for large sums, in order to enable him to withdraw honourably.

While Clanalvon was thus lavishing thousands on the worthless and deceitful, the deserving and industrious shared also

largely in his liberality. Many respectable tradesmen were by his assistance enabled to overcome difficulties which would otherwise have ruined them, and many others owed to his bounty and active exertions in their favour, their first establishment in business. Many young men of fashion were stopped in their first entrance on a ruinous course, by his paying for them trifling debts, that they dared not avow to their parents, on receiving their promise not to incur more; at the same time he indulged the vanity of his mother, by an establishment and style of entertainment in which no allowance was made for his other extensive sources of expenditure.

In vain Montague and Elizabeth warned him that such extravagance must defeat all his plans of benevolence for his tenantry and country neighbourhood—in vain, they reminded him that sir James Gray had often said that the savings of the minority would not fully extend to

the payment of his father's debts, to which he had pledged himself at the age of eighteen; and that the deficiency there would be greater than sir James had foreseen, as a person who owed the property a large sum had lately failed—the first object that touched his feelings put to flight all the resolutions of caution which their advice had given birth to; and the fond applause of his mother, and the delighted smiles of Olivia, whenever any of his benevolent actions came to their knowledge, seemed in his mind to throw an air of coldness over the counsels of his more rational friend and sister.

Emily's applauses, and Emily's smiles, also, had encouraged him in the beginning, when she saw only the benevolence, and was not aware of the consequences; but at length, warned of these by Elizabeth, she exerted all her influence to convince him, that the liberality which is unbounded must necessarily be transient, and succeeded in checking his profusion, but not

until after it had gone lengths which, on reflection, alarmed him for the future.

Soon, however, he was again ensnared into new expences. He and Howard dined at lord Dormer's, whence they and Belville were to go together to a ball, at which the Clanalvon ladies and Mrs. and Miss Nugent were to be. The beginning of the evening passed pleasantly, and nothing occurred to awaken the prudence of Clanalvon, until, at the moment the three young men went out of the hall-door, lord Belville observed that they were too early yet for a ball, adding, that he had unfortunately got himself engaged in a promise to meet a friend at the club-room; that his resolution against gaming was now so fixed, that he hoped there was no danger of his being tempted to the table; but it would be his certain security if Clanalvon and Howard would go with him, and he would not detain them more than ten minutes, while he just spoke on the business for which his friend wished to meet him.

To Clanlavon's expostulation, why he did not appoint some other place of meeting? he carelessly answered—" My dear fellow, you will find it is just the same thing—I know I am quite safe."

They accordingly accompanied him—the gentleman was not come, but Belville requested them to wait, as he said he was in general very punctual, and might certainly be expected in a few minutes.

After some time, during which lord Belville frequently looked at his watch, and assumed all the attitudes of impatience, he took up the dice-box, and proposed a few throws amongst themselves, merely *pour passer le tems*. Clanlavon peremptorily declined it, and his old acquaintance, captain Sutton, who was there, observed that he was much in the right, saying that he believed he had intelligence to communicate more interesting to feelings such as his lordship's, than a dice-box could be. He then drew him aside, to tell him the beneficial effect his generous conduct had had on the character of his

brother; and entered into such minute particulars of his present sentiments, his gratitude, his plans, and his prospects, that nearly an hour had passed away before he was aware of it.

Starting, at length, at the recollection that Emily might be waiting for him at the ball, he rose to join his companions, and found Howard rattling his dice-box in the full spirit of the game. Shocked at the sight, he stepped angrily forward to Belville, who was also playing; but, prepared to be beforehand with him, Belville rose to meet him, and interrupting his first exclamation, without seeming to hear it, he said, in a voice of affectionate solicitude—"Oh, Clanalvon! why did you leave that giddy boy to me—you who have so much more influence over him?"

In an instant the prompt feelings of Clanalvon turned on himself, as the only person to blame. He had deserted his young and indiscreet friend, and he alone was answerable for the consequences.—"Howard," said he, solemnly, "your fa-

ther, your mother, abhor a gamester. To what do your losses amount? It was I who brought you here, and it is I who should bring you hence uninjured."

The loss was trivial, and soon settled; but Clanalvon knew that the ruling foible of Howard was an intense love of pleasure, in whatever form it presented itself; he saw that he had caught the spirit of the scene he had been engaged in, and would be easily tempted there again; and on the way to their appointment for the evening, he warned him against a passion for gaming with all the force of reason and persuasion, while Belville echoed all his sentiments, thus strengthening the hold he had already acquired over his intended victim, in blinding him to his character.

It was late when they entered the ball-room. Clanalvon looked round for Emily, and saw her going down the dance, languid, pale, and spiritless. Her eyes brightened as she perceived him; but the transient lustre faded away when she more

nearly observed his dejected countenance as he approached her.

While watching her down the set, he heard the soft voice of Miss Hazlewood pronounce his name ; and turning, he saw the dejection of his countenance reflected in the sudden change of hers.—“ You are not well, lord Clanalvon,” she exclaimed, in a tone of alarm.

He had recourse to the usual excuse on such occasions—a headache ; her cigarette was instantly in his hand ; and she requested lord Belville, who was at her side, to go in search of lavender water to bathe his temples.

Touched by her kind solicitude, he endeavoured to rally his spirits to enter into conversation with her, until, seeing Emily’s partner lead her to her aunt, he begged Cecilia to join her friend with him.

Emily welcomed him with a smile more affectionate than joyous.—“ You are late,” said she ; “ I hope nothing unpleasant has detained you ?”

“ I have a headache,” he replied, pressing the hand she held out to him ; “ but I shall recover myself now,” and he seated himself between her and Cecilia.

Emily saw evidently that something more than a headache was amiss with him. She longed to know the truth ; but, fearful of distressing him by inquiry, tried rather to divert his thoughts from it.

Sensible, by her expressive looks rather than by her words, that she felt and shared his uneasiness, and soothed by the soft assiduities of Cecilia, he soon recovered his cheerfulness, and the time passed pleasantly until the party broke up. But, alone in his chamber, the events of the evening returned with oppressive weight on his mind ; he had led, within the precincts which he himself had found so dangerous, a rash inexperienced boy—the lover, and as he had some reason to believe, the favoured lover of his sister—a youth, too, whose fond though rigid parents considered him as secure from every danger when in his society ; he knew him to be

warm-hearted, friendly, guileless, and innocent as childhood of every vice; but he also knew him to be unfixed in principle, ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, and, consequently, open to temptation; and to a disposition thus almost equally susceptible either of good or evil, he had perhaps given the first bent towards the latter; his eyes also now opened to the character of Belville. The good sense which he had endeavoured to lull asleep while only himself was concerned, roused when the principles of his friend and the happiness of his sister became endangered. He reviewed the past, and with bitter regret for his neglect of the counsels of Montague and other friends, was convinced that Belville and his mother had practised on his feelings by the deepest art, and that his reformation was only feigned, to lure him into his society, from which he determined to withdraw, and, if possible, to withdraw Howard also.

A note from sir James Gray, informing him that he had arrived the night before,

and promising to be ready to see him in two hours, agreeably surprised Clanalvon the following morning. What a new turn did this give to his feelings! every cloud of sorrow or anxiety fled before the hope that the time was now come in which he could fix the day of his marriage with Emily. He hastened to her, and almost breathless from joyous emotion, announced to her the arrival of sir James, earnestly pressing her to name the day for their union, that he might make arrangements with him accordingly.

“Gently, dear Clanalvon,” said Mrs. Nugent; “when you have settled with sir James, we shall know better how to proceed.”

Clanalvon was grieved, but could offer no reasonable objection; and with a beating heart he went to the house of his guardian.

Sir James received him with warm affection, and after friendly inquiries for his mother and sisters—“Well, my dear Clanalvon,” said he, “so now you are a

man, and as great a goose as ever, I will engage. Sit down, child, and tell me all your plans."

" My first plan is what I believe you guessed before you left the country," replied Clanalvon.

" Yes, to marry Miss Nugent; so that is the cause of the business-face you have got on you this morning—you used not to be in such a hurry about business," said sir James; " well, so much the better—Emily Nugent is an excellent girl; it is well to get one sensible person among you, though I believe Elizabeth has a little brains; as for the rest of you, it is all sentiment, and generosity, and liberality; so that I expect to hear you are over head and ears in debt already."

Blushing and hesitating, Clanalvon acknowledged that he had involved himself a little farther than he ought.

" How, child?" exclaimed sir James, startled at finding some truth in his own jesting sarcasm; " sure you have not contrived to get in debt already? Did you

not receive a half-year's rent in November, that is, upwards of seven thousand pounds?"

"But some of the tenants could not pay," Clanlavon answered; "besides the deduction of my mother's jointure."

"But there is not a tenant on your land that is not well able to pay his rent, and support his family in comfort afterwards."

Clanlavon, half-laughing, half-abashed, assured him that he had not remitted the rent to any but a few who had large families, and appeared unable to pay it without ruin.

"Remitted the rent, child! Do you mean that you have forgiven it to them entirely? Did you give your receipt to men that did not pay you?" inquired sir James.

"Only in a few instances," said Clanlavon, "where I felt it dreadful that I should wring from them a trifling sum, ruinous to them, and unimportant to me."

"Ay!" exclaimed sir James; "and your mother was of the same opinion;

that woman thinks that if money be but spent sentimentally, and elegantly too (she w<sup>o</sup>nt forget that), the very stones may be coined into gold to supply its place. Well, well, all I can say is, that your tenants are a great parcel of fools, that they did not all tell the same story."

He then entered seriously on the important duties a man of large fortune owed his country, the power of fulfilling which ought not to be trifled away in compliance with every start of transient good-nature, kindly adding—"Come, cheer up, my boy! though you are such a good-natured goose now, I know you have sense enough to appreciate your situation, and to do it honour in future." He then produced the accounts.

Of all sir James had to inform him, Clanalvon had long been perfectly aware, but he had reflected on it so little, and so little made it a guide to his actions, that it came on his spirits with all the shock of painful unforeseen intelligence. The savings of the minority were, as his guardian

had often told him, and as lady Elizabeth had often reminded him, considerably short of the amount of his father's debts; that deficiency, augmented by the failure of a person who owed the property upwards of ten thousand pounds, and by the promise of Clanalvon to pay some of the creditors interest as well as principal, which had not been taken into sir James's calculation, now amounted to something above twenty-two thousand pounds, including the fortunes of his sisters as part of the debt; according to their father's will, interest on these was to commence from the time their brother came of age. The grandfather of the present earl, on account of the extravagance of his eldest son, had entailed the estate first on Clanalvon, and afterwards on his own second son, so strictly, that it was impossible to raise money by mortgage on it.

Sir James observed, that as he had for some time past been aware of pretty nearly the amount of the deficiency, he had considered of a remedy for it. The fortune

of lady Elizabeth, he said, must be held sacred, as he hoped she would soon give it to that worthy fellow Montague; but little Olivia was too young to be in a hurry for hers, and therefore all his father's other debts might have been discharged at once, and Olivia's money replaced by instalments of five thousand a-year, which, with his mother's jointure, and the interest of both sister's fortunes, would confine him for a few years to between five and six thousand pounds per annum.— “But,” continued he, “your own debts have deranged all this. My idea of the right and honourable would be, that you should pay the debts you have yourself contracted, and for which the people may be distressed, and settle for your father's afterwards; but I know your mother prefers the superhonourable to the honourable, and will have your father's debts paid first, and the creditors assembled for the purpose, and a speech made on the occasion, and all that, of which I am sure she has pictured the scene to her own

mind a hundred times. Well, well, we will not disappoint her of her show-day, if we can help it—perhaps Charles may not want the whole of Elizabeth's money at first?"

"No," exclaimed Clanlavon, "I will never touch hers. I know their intention is to purchase land and settle on their own property—their happiness shall not be marred for my folly."

"Well, we shall see about it," said sir James. "Do you bring me, as soon as you can make it out, an accurate statement of your debts, and we will settle every thing the best we can for you all. And now," added the worthy man, "brighten up your countenance a little. Your mother is, you say, going to have an assembly to-night—do not break her foolish heart with your doleful looks, when she intends to be so graceful and happy to-night. I suppose it will add a few hundreds to the account, but no matter—let the woman have her ball in peace—it is long till she will have another; for if she

cannot be at the top of splendour, she will get out of the way altogether ; so say nothing about business until to-morrow, and tell her I will go see her performance this evening."

When Clanalvon returned home, he found all there was gaiety and splendour. It was the first ball poor lady Clanalvon had given in Dublin since her husband's death, and she looked so proud, so happy, so elated, that tears filled her son's eyes, as he thought how soon the triumph was to end, for well he knew the truth of sir James's observation on the subject ; and bitterly he reproached himself for the profusion which had made her favourite child the means of bringing on her the mortification which he knew she would severely feel, overlooking at the moment that she had had any share in that profusion.

Hastily quitting the busy scene of preparation, he retired to his study, to look over the memorandums of the several engagements he had entered into. The amount, when put together, shocked and

amazed him. Each separate sum he remembered, but he had never before combined the whole in his mind ; he also remembered that the accounts of his upholsterer, coachmaker, and many other tradespeople, were not yet sent in.

He remained, pacing the apartment with agitated steps, sometimes reviewing the account, in hopes of detecting some error in the calculation—sometimes adding to it articles which had at first escaped his memory—and sometimes wondering at the past infatuation, which now rendered new to his feelings what he had always known, until the joyous voice of Olivia called to him—“Come, Clanalvon, come,” she cried; “you must leave your books for to-day—you do not know how late it is. We are going to dinner, and you have not yet seen the rooms—come out, come out,” she added, “or let me in.”

Clanalvon opened his door—the smiling countenance of his sister struck a pang to his heart.—“Now,” said Olivia, “since you were not with us the whole time, do

not go through the house until it is lighted; you will be delighted with the beauty of the decorations."

Clanalvon resolved not to throw over her playful smiles a cloud of anxiety for him, and struggled to assume a cheerfulness he did not feel. They ran together to the dining-room—pleasure beamed from every eye there—all were too much engaged in the business of the evening to perceive the dejection he could not wholly conquer, except Elizabeth, who having foreseen it, as the natural consequence of his interview with sir James, could not be deceived, and tried, by increased tenderness of manner, to soothe his feelings, and by observations on the necessity which his rank and fortune laid them under, of giving at least one magnificent entertainment during the winter, endeavoured to erase this day's extravagance from his list of self-reproaches.

The scene of pleasure, of festivity, of expence, that followed, was viewed by Clanalvon alone with pain. Not a cloud

sat on any brow, to darken the brilliancy of the evening ; every one was pleased—every one was happy. His mother was peculiarly calculated to charm, and all the captivating graces of her manner and conversation were now called forth. Clanalvon beheld her happy and brilliant in the sphere for which she seemed peculiarly formed, and lamented the necessity that was to throw her back into the comparative obscurity in which she had hitherto lived since her widowhood. No feelings of regret for Emily mingled with his reflections ; he knew her to be equally capable of adorning splendour or retirement ; nor could all his partial fondness for his mother prevent his being sensible that in the hands of Emily his consequence would be supported as respectably, with much less of the expensive show that she delighted in.

Elizabeth, too, aware that their present extravagant style of living must, for a while, be suspended, viewed her mother with a degree of tenderness, which for the

time annihilated the sentiments of disapprobation with which she had latterly regarded the excessive vanity that was perpetually defeating its own ends, by destroying the means of its gratification.

Clanalvon danced the two first sets with partners rather of etiquette than of choice, and still finding that Emily was not arrived, he went to Miss Hazlewood ; she was sitting by her chaperon, silent and thoughtful—lord Belville, as usual, at her side, and in evident impatience at her inattention to him.

“ Miss Hazlewood,” said Clanalvon.

She did not hear, and he repeated the name, taking her hand. She started, her colour brightened, and her countenance became suddenly animated.—“ You have not been dancing ?” he said.

“ No,” replied Cecilia ; “ I hate dancing in a crowd, and no partner offered who could reconcile me to it.”

Something in the look and manner, rather than the words, indicated to Clanalvon that he would not have been rejected

on the same account. In fact, she had often danced with him in greater crowds than the present. To ask her to dance after she had refused others, for a reason which still existed in equal force, would, he felt, be an impertinent assumption of an intended compliment to himself; and to quit her in search of another partner, he felt would be a gross rudeness towards her, and he accordingly provided himself with a seat next her.

This movement was not unmarked. Mrs. Mansfield, surrounded by her coterie, had impatiently watched for his coming to engage one of her daughters, and used as much skill and manœuvre to avoid partners as she sometimes did to obtain them. With feelings of rage and disappointment, she now saw him engage himself to another—not merely for the dance, but, what she thought infinitely more alarming, for the purpose <sup>of</sup> enjoying her conversation.

“I am not yet sure which, the beautiful Miss Nugent, or the wealthy Miss

Hazlewood, will carry off the young earl," said an old lady of her coterie, who read her feelings in her countenance, and, on account of some late losses at cards to her, took a malignant pleasure in irritating them; " were I to judge from his manner, I should think he liked the beauty best; but the fair heiress seems to receive no small pleasure from his attentions."

" Really," said another lady, who happening at the moment to have no particular reason for any particular opinion on the subject, spoke as she thought, " I do not know what to think. I never saw a man appear more devotedly attached than he does to Miss Nugent; but when she is not present, I could almost say the same of Miss Hazlewood."

" It appears then," observed another, " that his passion for one lady is love, and for the other a very sentimental friendship."

" Mrs. Mansfield," said the first lady who had spoken, " you knew his lordship

in the country—which do you think will be countess of Clanalvon?"

"The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown,  
Up springs the little dog, and knocks them both down,"  
replied Mrs. Mansfield, laughing significantly.

"He certainly is a great admirer of Miss Jane Mansfield," said a lady, who was admitted to all Mrs. Mansfield's supper-parties, for thinking every man of their acquaintance in love with her daughters; for every prudent mother knows that next to the reality of a lover, the reputation of one is of the first importance to a young lady.

"He certainly often notices her," said Mrs. Mansfield; "but we all know Jenny is so plain, she cannot attract attention as much as Maria. No—Maria often offends him, she is so sprightly, and such a gay little flirt, and then he is off to another—Jane oftener than any one else; but I have seen him look so distressed—poor fellow!"

"But I really think," said the first lady, smiling, "that lord Clanalvon admires

your second daughter quite as much as Miss Mansfield."

" I sometimes have suspected," said the elated mother, " that Jane was the object. There are few girls more accomplished than Jane, but that is rather in Charles Montague's taste; they talk by the hour together of botany, and geography, and things quite above me, I assure you."

She paused to give this hint time to make a due impression on her auditors, and resumed—" But as to his lordship and Emily Nugent, you may take it from me, who am in such close intimacy with them all, there is nothing in it whatever; they have been friends and playfellows from their childhood—nothing more. Lady Clanalvon did, I believe, at one time take some sentimental nonsense about it into her head, which caused a report. You know her dear ladyship has such fine feelings!"

" Hush!" said one of her party; " Mrs. Nugent is close behind you."

Mrs. Nugent had heard the conversation; and though pained and annoyed by the remarks made on his attentions to Cecilia, every feeling of jealousy on behalf of her niece vanished, as she saw him, instantly on catching a glance of her, spring from his seat, and hastily advance towards her.

“Where is Emily?” he anxiously asked, taking her hand.

“She had a cold, so I thought it best not to bring her out.”

“A cold! not a bad one?—is she gone to bed?—have you sent for a physician?—is she feverish?—has she taken any thing?” inquired Clanalvon.

“I may answer ‘no’ to all your questions; you know you remarked that she had a slight cold this morning,” said Mrs. Nugent.

“Then it is nothing serious?”

“You would not see me here, dear boy, if it were,” replied Mrs. Nugent, smiling.

“I will call early to-morrow, to inquire

about her," said Clanalvon; "and you will see me—I want to speak to you, to renew the subject you put me off of this morning."

Mrs. Nugent consented; and after a few minutes conversation, he remarked that at sight of her he had started away so abruptly from Miss Hazlewood, that politeness required him to return, begging of her to accompany him.

With this Mrs. Nugent readily complied, feeling that it would be useful in silencing the observations which she found were whispered about, and which she wished to stop, rather from a fear of their being injurious to Cecilia, than from any other cause; and remained with her as long as she judged sufficient to answer her benevolent purpose, leaving her only when she feared that her attaching herself too closely to her might seem like watch-over her conversation with Clanalvon.

He remained unavoidably fixed to the side of Cecilia; for when he had at one time risen to speak to a gentleman passing

near, she had checked him, by whispering  
—“ Do not let lord Belville get your chair  
—he persecutes me so.”

This was no manœuvre on her part to detain him, but simply the effect of the habit she indulged herself in, of yielding to every feeling as it arose, without weighing either consequences or appearances. She liked the conversation of lord Clan-alvon, and disliked that of lord Belville.

The vanity of lady Clanalvon was highly gratified in seeing the elegant and captivating lord Belville hovering near, vainly watching to catch one of those smiles which were lavished in bright profusion on her son; and every time she passed them by, she stopped, with some expressions of caressing endearment for Cecilia.

The manners of both struck Clanalvon, for the first time, with an apprehension that his attentions to Miss Hazlewood were liable to a misconstruction, which every sentiment of honour and of delicacy called on him to prevent; and for this purpose he took the first opportunity of one

of his sisters being near him, to say to her, loud enough for Cecilia to hear—"I am quite miserable about Emily, but I hope foolishly so, for Mrs. Nugent would not have left her, if any thing that could be of consequence was amiss."

He added some words, expressive of his hope that she was only detained at home by delicacy, on account of the arrangements now pending respecting her marriage; but the very consciousness of the intention with which they were uttered, rendered him unable to pronounce them distinctly enough to reach the ear of Cecilia. If they had reached her, they would probably have produced no change on her countenance. Alive only to the present moment, and to one feeling at a time, she loved lord Clanlavon with all the fervent enthusiasm with which she might love the hero of a romance or a poem, and with as little reference of that sentiment to herself, or her own views in life. The idea of supplanting her friend in his heart never entered her mind, either as an object

to pursue, or to guard against—she delighted in his conversation and attentions, sought them with avidity, and thought no farther.

Mrs. Hastings, who was a worthy, sensible woman, might have opened her eyes to the danger she was incurring, either of involving herself in a hopeless attachment, or in the guilt of treachery towards her friend, but that she held the opinions of that lady in too much contempt to listen to them. In her childhood she had ardently loved her, and with pleasure found herself consigned by her father's will to her care; but about a year before the present period, a difference of opinion respecting a novel, with which Cecilia was enchanted, and of which Mrs. Hastings endeavoured to point out the gracefully-veiled immoral tendency, convinced the young enthusiast that her mistress, though a good kind of woman, was utterly devoid of taste, sentiment, and refinement, and "incapable" of entering into or comprehending her feelings. Emily

and Mrs. Nugent, whose advice might have been useful to her on any other occasion, were precluded from the possibility of offering it on this, as they well knew she would only resent it with indignation, as the effect of an unjust and insulting jealousy.

Clanalvon passed an uneasy and restless night. The exhilaration of his mother during the splendid festivity which she so eminently graced, impressed on his mind a painful conviction of the bitterness of regret with which she would submit to the plan of economy necessary to the recovery of a free command over his ample fortune; yet to retrieve that power which, under judicious management, might be so extensively useful, principle, and the enlarged benevolence which governed his mind when not under the influence of some immediate impression, taught him to consider an imperative duty.

•At other times, Miss Hazlewood equally disturbed his thoughts. Of the whispers

in circulation on the subject of her open preference of him, he was not ignorant. Was he right in continuing the attentions which gave rise to them? Was there not a danger also, that, under the guise of frank and mutual friendship, her heart might be ensnared into a more exclusive attachment? Yet, on the other hand, her ardent affection for Emily proved that no such danger existed; and in respect to the comments of others, did not the pain impressed on her ever-varying countenance, on the slightest instance of neglect from any of the few she distinguished by her regard, expose her to them in a more humiliating manner than his attentions could do? That her greatest source of enjoyment was in his conversation, was not to be doubted; and was he, for a dubious remedy, to a perhaps imaginary evil, to deprive so dejected, so unhappy, and so amiable a being, of one of the few enjoyments of which the peculiar construction of her mind rendered her susceptible?

For his uneasiness about Howard his

mind found no palliative. Through all the hurry of the preceding day, he had found a few minutes time to call on him, for the purpose of renewing his cautions on the subject of gaming, but found he was from home, and, as he learned from his servant, in company with lord Bellville.

In the evening, it was later than his usual hour of attendance at their house, when he entered the ball-room with the same dangerous companion, looking heated and discomposed, and Clanlavon, with an aching heart, had observed his assiduities towards his sister Olivia—assiduities which he himself had once encouraged, in partial admiration of his frank and generous nature, as likely to promote her happiness, but which he now regarded with apprehension, as of a contrary tendency. To himself he imputed this change, overlooking, in the bitterness of self-accusation, that principles so easily shaken could not, under any circumstan-

ces, have formed a foundation for any rational dependence.

But through his troubled thoughts the image of Emily appeared, like a vision of peace and happiness. With all the fascinations of his mother, she had not the same love of displaying them. The family circle and the crowded assembly saw her equally animated and equally composed. In her his heart could repose all its feelings, without fear of harsh reproof or blind indulgence. She could see, and could aid him against the weaknesses of his character, while she would shield him from humiliation or self-reproach, by pointing out the virtues connected with them. Once united to her, his course through life would be honourable, useful, happy; and no weak vanity in her would retard that union, until it could take place with all the splendour due to his rank and fortune; and with soothing reveries of a life passed with her in domestic blessedness and public utility, he tranquillized his spirits for a few hours rest.

Before the family were assembled next morning, Clanalvon went to Emily, to give her an account of all that had passed, telling her, with a smile, that he hoped she would not value him the less, for finding that she was to commence life with him less brilliantly than he had taught her to expect.

From her he returned to converse with his mother and sisters on the state of his affairs. He dreaded lest his mother, in the bitterness of her first vexation at the proposed restriction in their expenditure, should reproach him with an extravagance to which the habits she had encouraged in him of indiscriminate unreflecting good-nature had so largely contributed; and this he felt he could hardly bear, in the manner in which he wished to bear every thing from her. But his fears were groundless—all her anger turned on sir James Gray. After he had explained to her all the particulars—"But, my dear," she exclaimed, "I cannot understand by what strange management sir James has reduced

your large fortune to five thousand pounds a-year."

In vain Clanlavon repeated and varied the manner of his explanation ; she obstinately persisted in not understanding.—“ What is the use,” she said, “ of your having fifteen thousand pounds a-year, if you are to spend but five? and if all this be true, why were we never told it before?”

“ Dear mamma,” exclaimed her son, “ we always knew that my father’s debts exceeded the savings of the minority ; we also knew of Mr. D——’s failure the moment it occurred ; it was our own folly,” he checked himself, and changed the expression—“ my own folly that prevented our acting on it.”

“ And can,” replied lady Clanlavon, “ the folly, as you term it, of a few months, destroy a fortune such as yours? Depend upon it, my love, there is something at the bottom of it which you do not understand. I will go myself, and speak to sir James.”

In vain her three children joined in endeavouring to dissuade her from a step, which, from the temper she was then in, they saw could only tend to unpleasant altercation, and, perhaps, wound the feelings of their worthy and zealous friend. She ordered her carriage, and would not admit of a word being spoken on the subject, until they reached the house of sir James.

The conversation took the expected turn. She assailed him with smooth words and bitter insinuations—"That there was something extraordinary"—"How could it be?" &c. &c.

He answered her with calculations and accounts, of which she declared she was not competent to judge, and still returned to the charge—"That it was very extraordinary."

"We will wonder at it as much as you like presently," said sir James, at length; "but first let us settle the business as it stands."

He then asked Clanalvon for the me-

morandum of his personal debts. The good man started, with friendly emotion, at the vast amount, near sixteen thousand pounds, while, with burning blushes, Clanalvon informed him that the principal of his tradespeople's bills were not yet come in.

Sir James paused in thoughtful silence for some minutes, and then explained to lady Clanalvon and her daughters the plan he had arranged for the immediate payment of the late earl's debts; but for those now added he was unprepared, and must take some time to consider of a remedy for them.

“ It needs no deliberation,” said Elizabeth; “ I do not consider myself a single woman—I do not feel that I have any more right in my property than I would have as the wife of Charles Montague. In his name then, rather than my own, I desire that my twenty thousand pounds may be employed, like Olivia's, for the present emergency, and, like hers, be gradually repaid.”

“ Impossible, *Lizzy!*” exclaimed her brother, while tears, which no sorrow could have drawn from him, rushed from his eyes; “ it would overturn all your plans, and Charles’s.”

“ If it did,” said Elizabeth, affectionately, “ we should be richly repaid, in shielding your honour from a cloud on your first entrance into life; but it will not injure us—perhaps we can arrange to pay the purchase-money gradually.”

“ Or perhaps,” said Clanlavon, tears again rushing to his eyes, “ to risk losing the beautiful spot you had taken such a fancy to, and hereafter purchase one less to your taste.”

No persuasions and entreaties of lady Elizabeth could have prevailed on her brother to accede to this arrangement, had not his mother interposed, and insisted on it, saying it would break her heart to see him exposed to the disgrace of being unable to pay his debts of honour, or his tradespeople’s bills, before he left town.—“ And now,” said she, when it was set-

tled, “ how much is this to add to the time in which my poor boy is to be kept on the wretched pittance of five thousand a-year ? ”

In vain her children reasoned, and sir James rallied—they could not remove from her imagination the impression that the family were reduced to the most deplorable circumstances ; and she talked of the most rigid economy, in order to shorten this miserable period of their existence.

Lady Elizabeth, whose clear understanding perceived that this line of conduct and temper would render the continuance of necessary economy impracticable, after long and vain endeavours to soften the exaggeration of her mother’s feelings, proposed the total relinquishment of the interest of her fortune, and Olivia’s, until their brother’s estate was again unencumbered.

Olivia joyfully seconded her proposal, while the mother, who had worked herself into hysterical sobbing, embraced them with grateful transport, accepting

their offer, as there was no sacrifice, she said, too great to make for their brother “in this dreadful emergency.”

Clanlavon, though secretly determined not to be guilty of such injustice towards his generous sisters, felt that this was not the moment for expostulation; and Elizabeth, dreading fresh irritation should he mention his marriage, hurried her mother away.

Clanlavon, after placing them in the carriage, went directly to Emily Nugent. There, after giving vent to the feelings of his full heart, in ardent praises of the noble conduct of his sisters, he proposed their marriage, without preparation or parade, as soon as arrangements could be made for their leaving town immediately after. The settlements he mentioned to Mrs. Nugent, were to the full extent of what the will of his grandfather empowered him to make; and Emily was just assuring him that she was so little fond of show and bustle, that, if it did not give him uneasiness, she was rather pleased that

they should have to pass a few years in greater retirement and tranquillity, than would be, perhaps, perfectly justifiable, were he in full possession of his income, when lady Clanalvon entered alone.

With much emotion she spoke of the “dreadful business,” of which she supposed Clanalvon had informed them; bitterly lamenting the miserable change in their circumstances, lately so rich, so happy, so prosperous, and now reduced in a moment, she hardly knew how, to what, for the family of a nobleman, was scarcely above want.

“Dearest lady Clanalvon,” said Emily, with caressing tenderness, laying her hand on hers, “do not see it in so gloomy a light—five thousand a-year can furnish every comfort, every elegance. Splendour has had its turn, and will come again—meantime we can——”

“We can!” repeated lady Clanalyon, starting, and colouring deeply—“My sweet Emily——” she paused, and hesitated.

“ We can, my Emily,” said Clanalvon, eagerly, “ live happily without it.”

“ But,” resumed his mother, recovering the courage which had failed her, “ you cannot surely expect me to consent to your marriage, until you can marry as an earl of Clanalvon ought.”

The blush of mingled shame and indignation rose even to the fair forehead of Emily.

“ She is entitled, by my promises,” he said, “ to an earl of Clanalvon, with fifteen thousand a-year, but will not refuse him because he is for a short time limited to a smaller income.”

“ She has too much regard for you,” said the mother, “ to wish you to marry, while you must bring your wife into obscurity.”

“ She has too much self-respect,” said Mrs. Nugent, calmly, but colouring, “ to enter a family where she is not welcomed by all.”

“ Emily is above such frivolous consi-

derations," exclaimed Clanalvon, seizing her hand; "she will not break her faith with me for a form of etiquette."

Emily had by this time recovered her self-possession; the mantling blood had retreated to her heart, and left her face as pale as marble. With a tremulous voice, that struggled for firmness, she said—"It would indeed be frivolous in me, if any motive of irritation or wounded feeling should induce me to deny the strong, the fixed affection which unites my heart, my fate, with yours. I am yours with consent of parents on both sides, but I think, in duty to your mother, the time of our union should yield to her wishes."

"Oh, Emily!" cried Clanalvon, reproachfully.

"I feel I am right," said she; "and believe me, it is not want of affection makes me yield to what I feel a duty in both."

"You are right, my child," said Mrs. Nugent.

“ You are more than right, my sweet, my lovely Emily,” exclaimed lady Clan-alvon, ardently embracing her.

“ She is wrong,” said Clan-alvon, vehemently ; “ the generosity of her heart has beguiled her exalted understanding, or she could not have stooped to sacrifice my happiness, my real interest, to the indulgence of an absurd and frivolous vanity, which she is incapable of partaking.”

The first reproachful or disrespectful words she had ever heard from the lips of her son, threw lady Clan-alvon into violent hysterics, from which no efforts could recover her, until the mild persuasions of Emily, and her repeated assurances that nothing could ever shake her fixed and firm affection for him, had won on him to make the promise she required, that he would not marry until his affairs were in a more prosperous state.

As they were going, Clan-alvon said to Emily, impressively—“ Emily, you have now, as far as in you lies, deprived my unstable character of that influence which

should have confirmed it in all you wish ; yet remember, whether you exert that influence over me or not, I shall consider every error of my conduct as a violation of my love to you."

" And for what," thought Emily, when she had retired to her own room, unable to speak on the subject, even to her aunt, " for what is Clanlavon's heart thus wrung, and his principles withdrawn from the influence so dear to him ? Merely for the love of vain show and empty parade. His mother has pictured to her imagination his bride loaded with jewels, splendid equipages, magnificent entertainments ; and for these miserable follies she has risked—alas ! she knows not what she may have risked !" and she melted into tears, as her mind ran over the peculiarities of his character. She justly believed herself dearer to him than all else that the world contained ; but of the weak ungenerous generosity which led him to sacrifice himself to the impulse of the moment, and in himself all those whose interests were

bound up in his, she now felt the danger and the wrong; yet she did not love him the less. He mingled in every feeling of her breast; the earthly part of her soul was devoted to him; and in her supplications before the throne of mercy, she prayed for him as fervently as for herself—for him, more steadiness—for herself, for less devotion to him. Her thoughts sometimes startled that she loved him more than she ought to love any earthly object. His very faults excited a solicitude, that only tended to rivet her thoughts and feelings more closely to him; and now something like an apprehension connected with his mother's unbounded influence, Miss Hazlewood's immense fortune, attractive manners, and undisguised attachment for him, obtruded on her mind. She did not suffer herself actually to fear her as a rival; that, she felt, would be to wrong Clanalvon; yet something of doubt and anxiety took place of the happy tranquillity of secure, unclouded love.

Lady Clanalvon was so exhausted, that

when she returned home she threw herself on the sofa, where, after a few hours repose had composed her nerves, she was visited by some compunctions feelings, as she recollects the vehement anguish of her son, and the deep though calm sorrow that spoke on the pale face of Emily; but visions of that beautiful Emily adorning the splendour by which she was surrounded, and of her own exulting feelings, when congratulated on her lovely daughter-in-law, by the crowds of rank and fashion, and the numerous throng of tenants and dependants, for whom her fancy had prepared an entertainment, equally distinguished by magnificence and taste, put those feelings to flight, and brought her to the conclusion, that the delay she proposed was a cheap sacrifice to advantages, which, by adding to the consequence of her son, must add to his happiness. She could not, however, bear to feel that this idolized child was now irritated against her. She sent for him, and by arguments, persuasions, and ma-

ternal endearments, endeavoured to win him over to her opinion.

He long adhered firmly to the declaration, that he had only complied in duty to her, enforced by the representations of Emily, but that he considered the sacrifice as needless as it was severe; but at length her tears and caresses prevailed on him to relax the coldness of manner which resentment had given him, to soothe her in turn with reciprocal caresses, and to promise that he would not make her unhappy, by appearing dissatisfied with a sacrifice made in compliance with her anxious care for his credit and advantage.

For several days, however, his spirits continued so depressed that he was unable to mingle in society, and could find neither interest or enjoyment in any thing but his long and daily visits to Emily, and in consultations with his guardian on the state of his affairs.

From the borrowed fortunes of his sisters his father's debts were immediately

discharged, though not with the eclat his mother had fondly imagined; his spirits were unequal to exertion, and he simply enclosed to each creditor the sum due: his own debts of honour, and a few shop debts, consumed the remainder of the forty thousand pounds; but as many of the latter yet remained, for which the people to whom they were due were distressed, sir James offered, on his own account, to raise five thousand pounds, as he felt Clanalvon's borrowing so early on his entrance on life disadvantageous to him. When he put the sum into the hands of his young friend, he desired him to dispose of it immediately, for he was sure, if he kept it an hour in the house, it would "ooze out of the palms of his hands," like Acres's valour.—"Now go, my boy," he added, "and in two days you will be here again. You were forced to give it to some rascal with a pitiful face, and are in despair about your just debts:" but as the day was far advanced, giving way to the lassitude natural to low spirits,

and feeling it impossible that he could again be deceived into spending on others what was so necessary to himself, he thought it needless that day to settle his various accounts, and on leaving his guardian returned home to dinner.

He was there told that a gentleman waited for him, who wanted to speak to him on business, and on entering his study, found captain Sutton, who hoped that the importance of the subject which had brought him would plead his excuse for the intrusion; and then proceeded to inform him that he had, the evening before, by accident discovered, that Howard had already been led by lord Belville into a ruinous course of dissipation, from which, if any thing could withdraw him, Mr. Sutton felt that it was the counsel of lord Clanalvon, and therefore felt it his duty to inform his lordship of the circumstances.

Starting at the dreadful intelligence, Clanalvon scarcely heard the latter part of what Mr. Sutton said, but resolved im-

mediately to fly to his unfortunate friend. Notwithstanding the agitation of his mind since the conversation of his mother with sir James, he had repeatedly endeavoured to see Howard, and had sometimes seen him for a few minutes; but it was evident that he wished to avoid the Clanalvon family, and felt pain and confusion in their presence. He was now not at home, nor did his servants know where he was gone; but, ever indefatigable in the cause of benevolence or friendship, Clanalvon sought him from place to place, and at length discovered that he was gone with lord Belville to attend a tavern-dinner: thither he followed him, and without giving his name, sent up a message, requesting to speak with him.

The servant returned with the answer that Mr. Howard could not come down; but if the gentleman wished to join a merry party, they would be glad of his company.

“ Say that lord Clanalvon will not de-

tain him longer than he desires," said Clanalvon, and in a moment Howard appeared in a state of intoxication.

At sight of so young a creature in such a situation, Clanalvon started back, and his too-sensitive feelings struck him with the pang of self-reproach, as the cause of all the errors of his friend. Entreating him to be calm, he led him away, but he was not now in a state to be reasoned with on his conduct. He could only repeat the question—"Does Olivia know all?"

Clanalvon feared, by bringing him home, to incur for him the violent and injurious indignation of his parents; so, having immediately gained his consent to leave the tavern party, he accompanied him to an hotel, where, after effectually using every means for restoring him to his senses, he reasoned with him on the fatal course he saw him pursuing, acknowledged the share he had had in leading him into it (exaggerated as it was by his desire to lessen his friend's guilt), and

drew from him a full confession of the extent to which he had been led astray.

The only part in which Clanalvon saw that his exertions could be of use, was the very large debts contracted by Howard, which he felt must ever be a burden to prevent his rising into the paths of virtue. He had not one moment's hesitation in determining to discharge them at his own expence, but his troubled spirits not a little felt the new involvement which must still farther defer his marriage, and delay the arrangement of his affairs so necessary to the happiness of his family.

At first the more immediately-selfish considerations did not occur to him; but susceptible as he was of censure, it was a deep personal sacrifice to incur sir James's blame of his general conduct, though, in this instance, expenditure was necessary; and also to appear encroaching on the kindness of that generous friend, by again demanding of him the sum necessary for the payment of his own debts, or incurring the injury to himself which sir James

had done so much to prevent. But all were secondary considerations, compared with the agonized anxiety he felt for Howard's unsteady principles, both as a friend he loved, and as the lover of Olivia ; and with the dreadful self-reproach which tore his breast, for having been first to set the example which the unfortunate young man was so ready to follow.

Giving him every consolation in his power, except the promise he anxiously demanded of being on his former footing in the family, and engaging to meet him the following morning, Clanlavon left him at home for the night.

With what fraternal pride and fondness did his bosom swell, when, on relating the circumstances to Elizabeth, she eagerly exclaimed—" Oh, dearest Clanlavon ! here is an object which indeed demands your assistance ! You may save him now by releasing him from debt, in which, if he continue, he will again fall into the power of lord Belville ; and even though it were

to deprive your creditors of immediate payment, certainly your duty calls on you to succour him, since——since——” She paused.

“ Since to me, in part, he owes his guilt,” said her brother. “ I have determined on it. I feel that here it is not my own indulgence, but a real duty ; yet remember, Lizzy, that every new expenditure in me must defer your happiness and Charles’s.”

“ But it does not endanger his morals,” she replied, “ and Charles will feel the difference.” But mildly and indulgently as both brother and sister were inclined to view the faults of others, they felt that one whose principles could be the sport of every wind was not a husband suited to Olivia, and both resolved to warn their mother of the danger she was incurring for her. With tears she heard of what she called “ the more than human generosity of her darling,” and promised immediately, in compliance with his eloquently-urged advice, to resolutely check How-

ard's attentions to Olivia. His debts were discharged without delay, and he declared that never could he again be induced to become unworthy of such generous friendship.

Clanlavon's next care was again to apply for advice to sir James, though perfectly determined not to suffer him to risk more pecuniary loss.—“ My dear boy,” he said, “ in this instance you are right, and most willingly would I assist you if it were in my power; but your sisters are minors, and in lending you their fortunes, I calculated on making up to them, as far as I possessed the means, any loss they might sustain. Yours is a life-income, and you may die—just the kind of person to break your neck, or hang or shoot yourself. We have no right to cheat the girls, for Mr. Howard or any one else; and my risk is now theirs, for I have not as much in the world as would make up their fortunes, if you died. So, in your own name, in short, we must raise the

money, and in *your name* literally, for you cannot give security for twopence."

Clanlavon himself informed his Emily of the circumstances which had again forced him to break through the economical care necessary to the re-establishment of his affairs; but her generous pleasure at what he had done for Howard—the same disinterested pleasure which he had admired in his sister under the same circumstances, he thought, proved in her a want of the ardent attachment which had given him such exquisite agony in making the sacrifice.

While he was with Emily, Cecilia Hazewood entered. Her visit was short; but the tender fondness of her manner to Emily during it interested Clanlavon more than ever for her.

"It is long," said she, as he attended her to her carriage—"it is long, my lord, since I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I am not going to reproach you, but I have so few pleasures. Emily too

scarcely ever sees me, and I fear to intrude.

Clanlavon earnestly assured her that business only could have prevented his oftener waiting on her.

“Perhaps,” she continued, “you will be disengaged to-morrow morning? how delighted I should be to see you and lady Olivia! You know how much I enjoy your conversation.”

Had his doubts on the night of the ball ever returned on his mind, these words would have dispelled them. He promised a visit next day; but as Olivia had a cold, and could not accompany him, he went alone. She was going to a public concert in the evening with Mrs. Hastings, and assuring Clanlavon it would be useful to his evidently-depressed spirits, engaged him to attend her there.

Pleasure, where Emily was not, he could not know, but he felt gratified in seeing Cecilia all life and animation, and in hearing her say that her enjoyment in music was doubled by the society of a person

who had taste to admire the beauties, and feel the defects, as she did. From her avowed pleasure in his conversation, he felt very constant visits necessary, and soon they became as regular as those to Emily. His own conscience told him that the interest she had in his heart never drew one thought from love and Emily ; and he felt Elizabeth's warnings, that his attentions might not be received, as he said they were given, a needless, groundless fear—cruel towards the dejected Cecilia, though founded on anxious affection for himself and Emily.

A message from sir James in a few days called Clanalvon to make arrangements at his house with the person who was to lend him the money. As he was hastening there, he saw at some distance Mr. Sutton, and, anxious to thank him for his friendly conduct towards Robert Howard, he followed and joined him ; but his expressions of obligation seemed scarcely heard—the usually-cheerful young man seemed absorbed in the deepest affliction.

—“Lord Clanalvon,” said he, at length, “my knowledge of your character almost induces me to relate to you what should never pass my lips to any other person; but sorrow such as mine seeks sympathy, though alleviation it cannot know. Had death deprived me of her in its common forms, I might have hoped, at some future period, to find again sweet peace of mind—I might have been resigned to my fate. My lord, may I seek your sympathy?”

Much touched, Clanalvon assured him that his confidence would not be ill-placed.

“I loved, lord Clanalvon—I idolized a creature more lovely, beautiful, than imagination can paint, and in return she pitied, nay loved, unworthy me. But though of high consequence, she was portionless, and I had nothing but my heart to offer her; another, possessed of rank and wealth, also adored her matchless charms; her father commanded her to marry him, and see me no more; she refused, and has been imprisoned in her own

apartment. This day week her cruel father means to force her to the altar—but she will never go—poison will make her mine in death."

Clanalvon felt something in the style in which this story was told unlike real feeling, and he was silent.

"The beloved lover of Miss Nugent can feel for me," continued Sutton; "she—she only of all I have ever seen, resembled my poor Emily. Such was the dovelike softness of her eyes—such was—oh! conceive a creature young, lovely, fascinating, as Miss Nugent, driven by anguish of mind to suicide! conceive Miss Nugent torn from your arms, as Emily has been from mine, and pity me!"

"I do pity you," said Clanalvon, but his voice did not bear its usual testimony to his words.

Sutton was too quick and wily not to perceive this; he had aimed at the pathetic, and lost the natural; and now, assuming the more easy tones of conversation, he entered on particulars, and by degrees

interested all the feelings of Clanalvon—perhaps the repeated recurrence of the name of Emily somewhat contributed to this effect.

“And can she not be saved? is there no hope of working on the father’s feelings?” he eagerly inquired.

“None,” was the reply.

“None! how dreadful! Have you not formed any plan to rescue her? She must not perish!” exclaimed Clanalvon.

“She must,” said Sutton, in a voice of well-acted despondence; “money alone can do it, and that I cannot command.”

Clanalvon coloured, and his heart beat high, as he asked—“How much?”

“More than it is in the nature of things for me to obtain. I have tried every thing. My hope was to carry her to the Continent, and there remain with her, until her wealthy uncle, whose heiress and idol she is, and who could not live without her, should recall us; then the debt could be paid; but who will trust a friendless soldier, whose only security is his ho-

nour? Two thousand pounds would be absolutely necessary, and who would venture that for me?"

"I would," cried Clanalvon, ardently, "if so much was my own; but I cannot—all I now possess is the right of others."

"I know it," said Sutton; "it is no shock to me. I know that Emily must die—my poor, poor Emily! yet I am grateful for your sympathy." He pressed Clanalvon's hand, and went.

Never had inclination so strongly struggled against duty in the breast of Clanalvon as at this moment; but resolved that duty should be victorious, and fearful of delay, instantly on receiving the money from sir James's friend, he hastened to discharge the large accounts of his upholsterer, and several other tradespeople. Two thousand pounds now remained, exactly the sum due to his coachmaker, and to his house he went with it; but at every step fancy painted Sutton's Emily in the loved form of Emily Nugent, the agonized victim of parental cruelty, dying by

her own hand, and he could save her; but justice claimed all he possessed. Afraid of himself, he quickened his rapid pace, and already had taken the bills from his pocketbook, when the door was opened. Mr. Murphy was not at home—so the dreaded delay was necessary; but he requested that he would call upon him as early as possible next day. Still the unhappy Emily was before him: her lover had failed in interesting him for himself, but the idea of her anguish and danger was insupportable. The fancied form seemed reproaching him as her murderer, since in him rested the power of saving her.

Such were his agitated feelings, when Sutton again met him.—“I have seen her servant,” said he; “she still hopes that I may rescue her; but in case the fatal tomorrow should find her unassisted, the instrument of death is ready, and she must be left to suicide. Oh, lord Clahalvon——” While he yet spoke, the notes were in his hand, and, without waiting

for thanks, Clanalvon was in a moment out of sight.

Another form now rose before him—it was that of Elizabeth. The command of her fortune was indeed necessary to her happiness, since that of her Charles depended on it; yet she had voluntarily yielded it for the benefit of her brother, and he had permitted his feelings to be worked on, to expend on another her right. Could not a smaller sum have answered every purpose? Subsistence alone could be necessary to them in their banishment, and one hundred pounds would have been amply sufficient for their journey to France. Yet how could Sutton demand more than was absolutely necessary, if such were really the situation of his Emily? This question Clanalvon could not answer to himself. Prepossessed, as he was, in favour of the sincerity and veracity of every one he conversed with, he had too much good sense to believe that such a sum was the smallest they could subsist on; and

the idea of the story being false never entered his too-unsuspecting mind; but he did think that Sutton, unfeeling for the dreadful circumstances, had considered in the affair his own personal convenience, and obtained, under the shelter of this interesting demand, sufficient money to answer other purposes.

Clanlavon was engaged to dine with Mrs. Nugent, and only saw his sisters for a few minutes—so did not relate to Elizabeth the events of the morning. During dinner, Emily remarked his agitated countenance and depressed spirits; and while he saw her, by smiles and gaiety, endeavour to dispel the gloom, he could not bear to tell her that it was caused by self-reproach, well knowing that the consciousness of his suffering under such a feeling was one of the severest pangs her affectionate heart could know; but when he saw on her expressive countenance the serious anxiety she felt for his health, he told her that his own impetuosity of feeling had given cause for the depression.—“ You know

the state of my affairs," said he—"you know the circumstances of Charles and Elizabeth—you know how my heart longs for the re-establishment which my mother has made the condition of my happiness; conceive then, Emily, how deeply I must suffer, in having been myself the person, by my heedless and unnecessary extravagance, to delay this wished-for period."

Emily's cheek changed while he spoke, from the pale hue which anxiety had lately given it, to the deepest glow of emotion, and her eyes sought the ground, to conceal the tears which filled them. Without venturing a second glance towards her face, he proceeded with an exact statement of his first meeting with Sutton.—"My feelings," he said, "were indeed deeply and justly interested for this lovely sufferer; both in mind and person he described her as resembling you—her name too—I almost felt as if it was my Emily."

An almost-satirical expression stole over the mild features of Mrs. Nugent—"And were you really persuaded, my dear Clan-

alvon, to believe that a woman resembling Emily could attach herself to Mr. Sutton, or that any affliction could induce her to force herself, impatient, unresigned, into the presence of "her Maker?"

Clanlavon's face was instantly overspread with the deepest crimson, as, in a low voice, he said—"Perhaps derangement caused her violence."

"Or, more probably," said Mrs. Nugent, "no such person exists."

Clanlavon started.

"I am very sure," she added, "that you will find great part of the story, if not the whole, a fabrication."

Many circumstances now returned to Clanlavon's mind, which he had not before observed. Mr. Sutton had said that she was portionless—again, that she was an heiress; first her marriage was to take place in a week, afterwards the next day, and besides, it was improbable that a girl of consequence, of such distinguished beauty, resembling the admired Emily Nugent, should have never been heard of.

Hesitatingly he said—"There were certainly many inconsistencies, besides his requiring a sum so immense, which, in the hurry and impetuosity of my feelings, I was not conscious of."

"And without weighing, without considering—" exclaimed Emily; the tears she had endeavoured to check stopped her utterance, and seeking to conceal them, she left the room.

Clanlavon vehemently arose, struck his forehead, and walked hastily to and fro.—"I have grieved her," he exclaimed—"I have allowed myself to be deceived, and she is to suffer for my folly! I have drawn her tears—oh! what is all the world to me, so she is happy! and yet my thoughtless violence, my weakness, is ever drawing me to sacrifice her peace to others!"

He was still wildly reproaching himself, and Mrs. Nugent still sitting in thoughtful and painful silence, when Emily returned.—"I believe," she said, "that I was unjust and impatient; I should have felt more the strong proof of your affec-

tion, in this lady's likeness to me having been the means to win upon your feelings. I am very grateful for it—indeed I am; but—but—" Again she had to struggle with her tears.

" But," said Mrs. Nugent, " your injustice towards Elizabeth and others—your constantly doing, in the hurry of your feelings, what, on serious reflection, you could not in justice or honesty do—your permitting yourself to be borne, by the stream of momentary feeling, to a length to which your every principle would check your going—your forgetfulness of an absent object in your interest for a present—all can only be excused on the recollection that you are but one-and-twenty."

" The super-generous, as sir James Gray calls it," added Emily, smiling through the tears which still glistened in her eyes, " at one-and-twenty may take place of the generous, but nothing should take place of the perfect justice natural to Clanlavon's and every truly-generous character."

With maternal kindness Mrs. Nugent endeavoured at once to calm his emotion, and to point out to him both the nature and boundary of true benevolence, as distinguished from that weak profusion which indulges its own awakened feelings at the expence of those which, though at the moment latent, are both more powerful and more intimately connected with duty and justice.

With doubtful hope Clanalvon went, early next morning, to captain Sutton's lodgings, to inquire if he had left town?

"Yes, sir," was the landlady's answer, "that has he, and joy go with him—that ever my house was disgraced with the like!"

"Was he alone?" said Clanalvon, anxiously—"how—when did he go?"

"Alone, indeed!—out of a quiet lone woman's house!—if you will walk into the parlour, and sit ye down, sir—Alone! no, sir; there was a young lady—a pretty creature she was!—Alone indeed! will you walk in, sir? you don't seem like one of his sort."

A young lady, and so much anger on the part of the decent landlady!—Clanalvon suspected the truth.

“ Alone, sir?—no wonder for me to be out of my senses, though he paid the rent honest enough—alone, indeed!”

“ What kind of a young lady?” asked Clanalvon.

“ Kind! the kind fittest for him, to be sure. Kind indeed! what should she be, when she was with the like of that lord Belville this six months? that she should put her impudent foot into my respectable nice house! Bless me, sir! I beg your pardon, but you are turned as red as a turkey-cock! Well! such an innocent-faced creature to have call to the likes of him! sure you can’t be no friend of his?”

Receiving no answer, she continued—“ Somehow he got money for sure out of some one yesterday; for home he came, dancing, and capering, and singing, and laughing, and parcels of things he was buying, after him all day—myself thought

he was drunk, as often he was—dear me, sir! I never seen you coming after him—and you are as red! dear me!—well, to think!"

Well might the indignation of his heart glow on his countenance. Duped, deceived, laughed at—Elizabeth injured—his creditors unpaid—his Emily's feelings wounded—Mrs. Nugent's esteem diminished—to enable a worthless profligate to fly from those he had imposed on—his name implicated in a transaction so infamous. Pride, delicacy, principle, honour, benevolence, natural affection, love—all were outraged—all were up in arms within him.

There are few feelings of the human heart more painful than anger thus powerfully and justly excited; perhaps the pang with which he faced the necessity of relating to his sisters and Emily the humiliating truth, was less acute than the consciousness of its existence.

An unexpected trial awaited him; when he returned home, full of the most indig-

nant feelings he had ever experienced, he met Mr. Murphy, who, blessing him for his constant goodness, told him that the promised payment was become very necessary to them, and that had it not been offered, they would have been obliged to ask him for it. This was a worthy ingenuous man, who, when Clanalvon was in college, had interested him so much, that by his influence and exertions he had raised him from very low business to the first fashion and practice; but his line having been abruptly changed, he, of course, wanted capital, and delay of payment seemed to threaten him and his numerous family with the deepest distress. Clanalvon, indeed, had at first given him a large sum to begin his more extensive trade; but Mr. Sutton, among others, having left Ireland deeply in his debt, had counterbalanced the benefit of this; so that, in fact, the kindness of his young patron had rather injured than served him.

It was with strong self-condemnation that Clanalvon related to Emily the dis-

covery he had made respecting Sutton.—“ And now,” he said, “ I almost fear that such duplicity, such artifice, such fiend-like wickedness in one person, will make me suspect others unjustly ; but there are few Suttons.”

“ And fewer Clanalvons, alas !” said Emily, affectionately, while a sigh heaved her breast.

“ Emily,” said he, “ I feel that for the world I would not injure a human being—I would not encroach on Lizzy’s generosity, and, for ten thousand worlds, I would not give you pain. My heart is full of love to all my fellow-creatures, nor am I, on abstract subjects, deficient in understanding ; why then is it, that I am ever injuring those dearest to me—ever going wrong ?”

“ Because,” she answered, “ when your feeling heart is touched, your head forgets to reason.”

And this was indeed the only cause of his errors ; for seldom was there an understanding more powerful, a judgment

more clear and accurate ; and in no human breast could beat a heart more excellent, more expansive than his.

A new source of uneasiness soon arose —the younger brother of Charles Montague's father had, early in life, married much beneath himself ; and finding his family determined not to receive his wife, had, for her sake, abandoned his country, and settled in Russia. He now wrote to Charles, telling him, that though pride had prevented his seeking communication with a family which had cast him off, natural affection had prompted him to establish a correspondence with a friend, through whom he had constant intelligence of them ; he found that Charles was destined to a profession which he had not entered ; his wife and only child were dead ; he felt that he could not long survive them, and he now entreated that his remaining life might be cheered by having seen and known the amiable child of his beloved brother. He sent money for the expences of the journey, and promised an

equal provision for his return to Ireland; he had heard of his nephew's intended marriage, and hoped that his lovely bride would accompany him.

Charles had often heard his parents speak with affection of this brother, and had been reared in a desire to become acquainted with him; his own request now gave him an opportunity for it, and duty seemed to require his acceptance of the invitation. But it was a dreadful pang to leave his native country, for lady Clanalvon from the first moment assured him that Elizabeth could not accompany him, now that her own fortune was out of her power, and she could only go as a dependent on the bounty of this relation.—“Had she gone indeed,” she said, “with wealth, with splendour, in all her natural loveliness, to sooth the last hours of one whose whole happiness he would find in her, attended by an idolizing husband, I would have parted with her; but, under present circumstances, it is impossible.”

In vain was all Charles could urge;

though a weak woman, lady Clanalvon was fixed in any opinion she imbibed—it is impossible to bend water. Once his going was determined on, delay would have been rather an indulgence of weakness than an object of reasonable desire, and he resolved on setting out as soon as the necessary preparations could be made.

Elizabeth, though she felt it right to encourage his departure, bitterly and deeply lamented it; but far more severe were the feelings of Clanalvon—he reproached himself for the affliction of both on this first separation; every tear which wet her cheek, every sigh that heaved Montague's breast, inflicted on his heart a pang deeper than that which called them forth.

The evening when he was to sail, Clanalvon, Elizabeth, and Olivia, accompanied him to the Pigeon House, leaving Emily with their mother, who was detained at home by a cold.—“I trust,” said Emily, fondly kissing lady Clanalvon, when her first burst of tears, on the carriage leaving

the door, was past—"I trust that this sorrow is as groundless as it is natural; let us remember, that though dear Charles——"

"Charles!" she repeated; "indeed I feel most truly for dear Charles and my poor Lizzy; but my tears, Emily, were for the feelings of Clanalvon, who, though a third party, suffers more than either. He reproaches himself for their separation; as but for the involvement of her fortune, Lizzy would have gone with him as his wife. She did not think of this—she did not consider her brother's feelings, when she gave such free vent to her own."

Emily, though she habitually avoided, as much as possible, contradicting lady Clanalvon, particularly in her moments of awakened sensibility, could not forbear saying, that she thought Elizabeth had visibly made a powerful effort over her feelings on account of it.

"You could not think so," replied lady Clanalvon, "if you felt for him as I do. Poor fellow! it is his misfortune to feel more than he ought for every one, while

no one feels as much as they ought for him, except his mother—and,” she added, after a long pause, “one other.” Who that other was, she soon made too manifest, by exclaiming, after another pause—“ Oh, Emily ! if you had her fortune—Cecilia Hazlewood’s—what a blessing it would be ! and”—(one fruit of lady Clanalvon’s sensibility was, that when she was agitated she cared not, or knew not, what she said) “ and, I must add, my dear Emily, her tenderness for him—her quick sensibility.”

Had a thunderbolt descended on Emily’s head at the moment, it could not have struck her with more violence. For some minutes she was unable to move or articulate, but at length recovering herself with an effort, she rung the bell, telling lady Clanalvon she must forgive her sending for a chair, instead of waiting for the hour at which she had appointed her own. To lady Clanalvon’s repeated apologies and hopes that she had not said any thing to offend her, she only answered by

mildly, though firmly, saying—"I am convinced that words so equally cruel to me and to Cecilia escaped you unawares."

But the dreadful words rung on her ear as she returned home—"Had I Cecilia's fortune and her tenderness!—her tenderness, too well I know, cannot excel mine; but her fortune might free him from all that weighs upon his spirits, while I can only be an added burden."

Never had ambition before swelled her artless breast, but now she wished every worldly wealth at her command, that she might shew him that hers indeed was love. A thousand painful recollections crowded on her mind—she knew that all his feelings were known to his mother, and she seemed to consider his engagement a misfortune. All his attentions to Cecilia, before considered as the fruit of his universal good-nature, took a new form; she now saw him bound to her by honour, and the habit of affection, while another had captivated his fancy. Much had she seen which might have earlier led

her to this conclusion ; but her frank, unsuspicuous nature required something more than her own observation to awaken a doubt of those she loved ; lady Clanalvon's words had this effect ; and she now only wondered at her own blindness, in not having sooner perceived a diminution in his attentions to her, and an increasing animation in those to Cecilia. That Cecilia loved him she was well convinced, but could not believe that her love equalled her own.

Never had Emily endured so much agitation, but hers was not a mind ever to lose its own balance. She was sensitive, proud, and ardently warm in her affections ; but she was indulgent and considerate for others—mild, and capable of distinguishing between the apprehension and the reality of an injury—and the warmth of her affections was not greater than their tenderness, and perfectly free from that tenacious susceptibility which makes many people more prompt to quarrel with their friends than their enemies.

She therefore determined to wait, and not risk wounding Clanalvon's feelings by the expression of a doubt, excited more by the words of another than his own actions: whatever emotions agitated her breast, fair, clear-sighted justice rose triumphant above the storm.

When Clanalvon and his sisters returned home at night, they were surprised at not finding Emily there. Lady Clanalvon at first accounted for her leaving her so early, by saying she believed she had a headache; but perceiving the anxiety of her son, who well knew that no trifle could have made Emily fly from affliction which she might alleviate, she told him that, in her excessive agitation on seeing him so afflicted, she had reproached Emily for the calmness with which she bore it, as a proof of want of affection, mentioning the greater sensibility towards him of Cecilia Hazlewood, which had displeased Emily, who then went.

Lady Clanalvon had not avoided telling the fact at once, from a desire to save

herself from blame, but from being so violently irritated against Emily, that she thought a relation of her conduct must wound his feelings.

When she and Olivia had retired for the night, Elizabeth, who, in her own feelings, never lost sight of the concerns of others, depressed and languid as she was, remained with her brother, to remove any impression her mother's account of Emily's conduct had made on his mind.—“Do you really think,” said she, “that Emily has shewn you coldness to-day?”

“Of course she has,” he replied, “or my mother would not imagine it; nor can she be blamed for considering me unworthy of her.”

“Clanlavon,” said Elizabeth, “ask mamma to repeat every word that passed. I fear you will find that she has been unkind to Emily, but I am convinced you will not find that Emily has so far forgotten all that she ever was, as to have said or thought any thing inconsistent with the most perfect mildness and justice.”

“ I know it,” answered Clanlavon ; “ but surely her being cold towards me is not blameable. Have I not deserved more ? have I not at every hour given her cause to hate, instead of being merely careless of me ? have I not been cruel towards her in my enthusiasm for others ? I feel that she is, and ever was faultless, and that *once* she loved me.”

“ My present object,” said Elizabeth, “ is not to argue against this wild overruling sensibility, which makes you exaggerate your own faults into crimes, which ought to deprive you of affection. I want to ask you another question—I believe that from your heart you love Emily as much as you ever could have done ; am I right ? or does the world speak truth, in saying you prefer the wealthy and fascinating Cecilia ?”

“ Prefer Cecilia to my Emily !” exclaimed Clanlavon, starting from his seat —“ impossible ! no one could have said it —no one could dare to say it !”

"Many have said it, and many have believed it," she replied.

"Prefer Miss Hazlewood, lovely, sensitive, endearing as she is, to Emily, the first, the noblest, the softest, the most feeling of human beings!—impossible! ridiculous! no one could believe it!"

"Many can believe it," repeated Elizabeth; "at times even Emily herself believes it."

"Then she does not love me," said Clanalvon—"often, often have I lately thought she has given me many instances of her diminished affection."

"Name one," said Elizabeth.

"Did you not remark her coldness the morning we went to see the Dargle?"

"I remarked," answered Elizabeth, "your preferable attentions to Miss Hazlewood, and I remarked that the pride you justly admire in Emily taught her to conceal the pain she felt at them; she accepted Charles's arm; and Miss Hazlewood, had you neglected her, would have walked alone, in melancholy silence."

Clanalvon blushed, for he knew that a secret consciousness of this had greatly influenced his attentions towards her: his sister continued—" And for this reason, to prevent her making herself ridiculous, you wounded the feelings of her whose modest and delicate sense of propriety rendered such a risk impossible; but tell me candidly, do you still love Emily?"

" I adore her," cried Clanalvon, warmly.

" I know you love her—it is impossible to know her worth as intimately as you do, and not to love her; but does she still hold her place in your fancy—your admiration? You once thought her lovely, as she is estimable—do you not now find more attraction in the manners of Miss Hazlewood?"

" Far, very far from it—her smile—her slightest word—the very ground she treads on, are more precious to me than all the pleasures of life; I look up to her—I idolize her."

" She loves you," said his sister; " you know she does, and shews it in the sweet-

est manner, when your own neglect does not render it inconsistent with her truly-feminine delicacy for her to do so."

" You will drive me mad, Lizzy."

" Far better," said she, with a smile, " grow tame, and endeavour to correct the errors I point out to you ; but now tell me seriously, what are your intentions towards her rival ?"

" Her rival, Lizzy ! what an expression ! Emily's rival !" exclaimed Clanalvon.

" Well what are your sentiments towards that amiable romantic girl, who has every reason to believe you love her ?"

" When I first knew Miss Hazlewood," said Clanalvon, reseating himself, " I considered her the friend of Emily ; as such she must be worthy, and as such I esteemed and admired her. Her unhappy situation, living alone, as it were, on earth, and her exquisite sensibility, won my tenderest pity—you cannot blame this : a creature so friendless, so lovely——"

" Certainly not," said Elizabeth.

" I soon found," he continued, " that

next to that of Emily, she enjoyed my conversation; and I found that it was sometimes in my power to change into smiles and pleasure the sadness which overwhelmed her. I do love her—I love her as Emily loves her, and she loves me as the husband of her friend."

" Oh, Clanlavon ! then why allow her friend to be neglected, that you may devote yourself to her ?"

" Emily is not neglected ; every time I am drawn away from her, some particular circumstance requires it."

" Nay, Clanlavon," said Elizabeth, " it is by one circumstance variously modified —your apprehension, as I said before, that any neglect of Cecilia will cause so marked a change in her manner, as may expose her to unpleasant observations. Perhaps there may be one other circumstance too —your own vanity may be gratified by the openly-avowed pleasure she takes in your conversation ; and this gratification may hide itself from your own eyes, under the form of a generous pleasure, in giving

pleasure to an interesting, discontented being."

" You wrong me, Lizzy; it is not vanity—there is no man living whose vanity would not be ten thousand times more gratified by one smile of Emily's; but Miss Hazlewood is so unhappy."

" In what is she unhappy, except the natural bias of her own mind?" said Elizabeth; " it is for this I just now called her discontented rather than unhappy, which you seemed to start at as a very unsentimental expression. But though weak-minded, she is worthy and estimable; and I see, with painful solicitude, that you are preparing for her the real unhappiness of a bitter disappointment. Does she know of your engagement with Emily?"

" Of course she does," replied Clanlavon; " I believe it is very generally known; but, believe me, Lizzy, you are quite mistaken as to her sentiments towards me. I know she has no attachment which Emily's husband might not return; but if you

think otherwise, I will take care to avoid any thing that can give you uneasiness on her account."

Emily awakened next morning with a feeling of misery which had never before visited her placid and cheerful breast. She had sunk to sleep at a late hour, after having persuaded herself that it was a weakness to be so much moved by the sentiment which another, and not Clanlavon himself, had expressed, and wondered at the heaviness of heart, which, in spite of all her efforts and reasonings, still oppressed her. Her reverie was broken through by the entrance of the daughter of Clanlavon's coachmaker, whom Emily had taken into the house.—" Oh, ma'am !" she exclaimed, " my poor father is ruined—we are all burned out and undone ! "

" Burned !" repeated Emily.

" Yes, ma'am—the house, and every thing in it, except the yard."

" But none of the family hurt, I hope ? "

" Oh no ! they all escaped, except poor

little Johnny—the child, you know, ma'am, that was sick, that you were subscribing for."

"Poor baby! sure he has not perished in the flames?"

"No, ma'am; but dragging him out of his bed, and the confusion and uproar—he is worse than ever; and my mother does not know what to do till you come to see him, ma'am."

While Emily rose and hastily dressed herself, she gave a more distinct account of the calamity which had taken place. Emily was ready as soon as the carriage, and with Catherine Murphy drove to the house to which the family had been removed. The room to which she was conducted was close and small—the children loitered about it, in different attitudes of languor—and near the fireplace, to avoid the air of the door, sat Mrs. Murphy, with the sick child on her knees. It was feverish and ill; and taking it in her own arms, Emily sent the mother for proper medicines.

No thought of self interrupted her watch over the infant's uneasy slumber, yet she reflected with extreme pain, that this calamity would put the family in urgent want of the money which Clanalvon owed them, and which he had deprived himself of the power of paying immediately; she also knew that in his zeal to serve them, he had recommended Murphy to many customers not in the habit of paying their debts, who had given large and expensive orders. Of the distress already occasioned by this, she had become aware during her previous care of the sick child, for whom the mother had solicited Mrs. Nugent's advice, because she had not guineas "to throw away upon doctors."

The heat of the room, and her secret agitation, had raised a warm and brilliant colour on her cheek, with which her languid eyes formed a melancholy contrast. Her fair arm supporting the infant's head, she looked like the angel of pity assuaging the sufferings of innocence. The door opened, and she turned, expecting to see

the mother, but it was Clanalyon, who stood, speechless with emotion, regarding her.

Emily did not rise, as she could not remove the child, but she held out her hand, while the bright tints of agitation yielded to deathlike paleness. He had come to inquire about the family, to be the comforter of the afflicted; and what she had considered a mere duty in herself, she secretly extolled as a virtue in him.—“ My Emily, my life, you are not well,” he tenderly whispered, taking her hand; “ has not Mrs. Nugent observed it? every instant your colour changes—you must have advice. Do not, my Emily, let the delight of a fond parent, the supporter of the poor, the sole happiness of a lover, perish for want of those cares daily lavished on others; you should not have come out;” and as he kissed her hand, the tenderness of his manner thrilled through her heart, with an emotion of joy as lively and as sudden as if the doubts which had

glanced over her mind the preceding night, and been almost denied admittance, had been dreadful realities, now in a moment reversed.

Mrs. Murphy soon returned, having procured all that was necessary for the child; blessings were poured on the benevolence of Miss Nugent and lord Clanlavon. A look from him seemed to ask when the names should be united? Seldom had Emily felt more fluttered joy than she now experienced: she rose to depart, with every doubt of his affection effaced from her mind, and conversed with him, as he led her to the carriage, with a sweetness and vivacity which removed from his mind every trace of the painful impressions his mother's observations on her coldness had left there, and also his recent alarm at her appearance of ill health. Having arranged with her what hour he would find her at home, he returned to the afflicted family they had left.

Elizabeth's entreaties for some days

after checked his constant visits to, and attendance on Cecilia Hazlewood; but as he was wilfully blind to the strong ground on which her apprehension rested, it was not to be expected that his resolution should resist much temptation.

Still some soft reproach, which any one but himself would have attributed to its true cause, assailed him for his neglect, and raising her soft blue eyes to his face, she would add, with a sigh—"I have so little enjoyment of life! but perhaps I should not encroach on the pleasures of others!"

To read her words, Cecilia must seem, in every sense of the term, a coquette and a flirt; but those who saw the perfect modesty, the even bashful timidity of her mien and manners, and the quick-changing colour, the strongly-marked alterations of countenance, speaking the intense feelings of her mind, traced them to their real source—an over-wrought and too-much-indulged sensibility, which almost

compelled her to yield to every impulse as it arose.

No two women, both amiable and respectable, could be more different, in many respects, than the two ladies who were considered by the world rival candidates for the heart and hand of the young earl of Clanalvon.

Emily possessed, in a high degree, both the reality and the charm of beauty—Cecilia much of the latter; but, except fine eyes and hair, and a pretty, though minute figure, none of the former. The looks of Emily presented to the mind at first view the idea of the innocent cheerfulness of a happy heart, at peace with itself and all around her, and, as different feelings were acted on by circumstances, varied to the natural but never-exaggerated expression of each.

The look of Cecilia was languid, dejected, and what sentimental minds call interesting; her feelings were not easily aroused, but, when they were, expressed

themselves with peculiar energy of words, tones, countenance, and gesture.

The manners of Emily were easy, kind, and cordial to every one; glad to please, and easily pleased. Those of Cecilia cold, even to unpoliteness, towards those she did not particularly like, and to those she did, warm and caressing, even to enthusiasm; but to these they were *exigeantes* and monopolizing; while Emily, with those she loved, seemed to live in them and for them. The caresses of Cecilia were most valued by the vain—those of Emily by the affectionate. Cecilia accordingly had many admirers, but there were also many who hated, envied, and criticised her. An eulogium on her person, manners, or musical talents, seldom failed to bring forward all the mothers of prettier but less-admired girls.—“ Dear me! can you think her pretty with such a nose?”—“ And such a skin! did you ever see her in daylight?”—“ Her manners may be well enough to those she likes, but to those she does not, she is as rude

as a bear."—"And, when she does speak, such attitudes—so much emphasis!"—"And all her concerns are so much more important than other people's."—"Her singing is delightful, but she never stops till one is sick of it."—"Or, if she is not in the humour for it, the world would not prevail on her to begin." While Emily, from delicacy of taste, and quick perception of excellence of every kind, being ever ready to point out the beauty and attractions of others, was envied by none, and every commendation of her on any one point served but as the introduction to a rapid enumeration of other perfections.

Neither in beauty, attraction, understanding, or merit, could Clanlavon place Cecilia in the smallest competition with Emily, but she distinguished him as the object of her peculiar admiration ; and from the habit of her mind and manner distinguished him exclusively, and sat isolated in a crowd when he was not at her side. To his judgment she appealed for the books she should read—to his taste for

the music she should purchase, and frequently gave him commissions, which could have been as well executed by her footman; and this often for no other reason than that it was easier to say, while speaking on the subject—"Do get it for me," than to give directions to a common messenger.

These appeals, these commissions, necessarily led to morning visits, which Clan-alvon always determined should be short, but which were always rendered long, by his unwillingness to give her pain by an abrupt departure, while she evidently wished to detain him; and by degrees they encroached on the hours formerly devoted to Emily.

One morning, about a fortnight after his conversation with lady Elizabeth on the evening of Charles's departure, when he called on her with a song she had desired him to choose for her, he found lord Bellville just leaving the room, Cecilia seated at a distance, apparently wrapped in thought, and Mrs. Hastings standing near

her, looking discomposed and angry. As he approached Cecilia, he perceived that she was weeping; advancing one hand towards him, she continued with the other to conceal her face.

Clanalvon could not ask the cause of her tears, and there was a silence of some minutes, which Mrs. Hastings seemed too much vexed to break.

Miss Hazlewood then raised her head.—“I believe,” said she, “that to lord Clanalvon I may explain this extraordinary scene. Lord Belville has so far honoured me as to demand me of my guardian in marriage. This day he came to ask my consent, and I believe Mrs. Hastings is offended by my answer.”

“Not by your answer, Cecilia, but the manner of it,” said Mrs. Hastings, leaving the room.

“Have you accepted him?” exclaimed Clanalvon.

A momentary glance of Cecilia’s eyes spoke the pain she felt at the question.—“Accepted him! no, lord Clanalvon! do

not think so lowly of me as to consider him a man to tempt me from the single life on which I am determined. No! no! I never could have married such a man, and *now*—”

“ He is unworthy of you,” said Clan-al-von; “ but why such a general determination?—why, at your age, determine to deprive yourself of that union of soul, that confiding perfection of mutual attachment, in which alone true happiness is to be found?”

A sweet but melancholy smile played on Cecilia’s features. He continued.—“ Formed as you are to ornament domestic life—to spread joy around you—to be the idol of a husband, do not—do not yield the glorious privilege!”

“ My days of joy are gone!” she exclaimed, bursting into tears; “ never can I know that union of soul, that perfection of attachment, where it might have been—where dispositions and tastes might have answered. I know I must not—” She stopped.

Clanalvon grasped her hand. He sunk on his knee before her. Love, Emily, every thing was forgotten in the sentiment of pity. He gazed on her with a new feeling. Too plainly he at length saw that she loved him. He sprung from the ground.—“I must not—dare not stay,” he exclaimed, pressing her hand to his lips. The recollection of his Emily came to his mind. Again he respectfully kissed her hand, and left her.

He was in a state of distraction. He knew not how to act towards her, nor would he consult even his sister Elizabeth on the subject. The day was passed in painful meditations, and as painful efforts to conceal his feelings from his family; nor did the subject ever quit his mind until late in the following evening, when he was sadly awakened to the recollection of an engagement he had neglected. Murphy had informed him, that a person to whom he was indebted five hundred pounds had threatened to arrest him the following day, if he was not able to pay it;

and about this business he was going when he called on Cecilia, intending to stay but a few minutes ; nor can it be wondered at, that Murphy and the five hundred pounds never recurred to his memory, until, in passing through the hall, he was met by one of Murphy's children.

Her father had been seized and carried to prison ; his wretched wife had followed him there, and sent this little girl to implore the succour of lord Clanalvon.—“ It is only five hundred pounds, my lord,” said the girl ; “ that is nothing out of your pocket, that often gives twice as much to relieve a less distress than ours.”

His mind was so completely thrown off its balance by the different vexations and self-accusations that pressed upon it, that even, had he been in the habit of reflecting before he acted, he would have been at this moment incapable of it. Telling the girl her father should have the money early next morning, he snatched his hat, and flew to the gaming-table.

. A party was soon ready to bet against

him; he played high, and lost almost every cast, but fortunately did not continue long enough to involve himself deeper than one thousand pounds.

As he hastened he knew not whither, a lady, alighting from her carriage, crossed on his path—it was Emily Nugent.—“We have met to join parties,” she said, and her cheering voice recalled Clanalvon to recollection; but the lamp now glared on his countenance. Her affectionate inquiries died on her lips, when she looked on the wild and agonized expression of his features, and she remained silent from alarm.

“Emily! oh, Emily!” he exclaimed, wringing her hand, and before she could speak, he rushed past her.

Shocked and terrified at she knew not what, Emily clung to the arm of her aunt, who perceiving her utterly unfit to enter company, and wishing to withdraw her from observation, instantly ordered the servants home.

A duel was the first idea that occurred,

and with it the first impulse to drive to his house, and try to speak to him; but this Mrs. Nugent prevented, by reasoning with, and shewing her that such a step could only be attended by injurious consequences.

His keen and rash sensibility rendered it impossible that any representations of the sin of duelling could deter him from it, if he felt his honour pledged to it; it could but agonize his mind ineffectually, and female interference, in any other way, was generally followed by imputations and sarcasms, which must be cleared away by a deeper risk than that it was intended to prevent. In fact, every suspected duel in a family leaves the female part of it under one of the severest trials the human mind can be put to—that of quiescent, powerless stillness, under the most intense and restless anxiety.

Such was the night passed by Mrs. Nugent and Emily. At six o'clock, and again at seven and at eight, they sent to

know from the porter if he had gone out: he was still in bed. Their apprehensions of a duel were now exchanged for vague conjectures, and Emily endeavoured to refresh her appearance, with affectionate solicitude not to shock him by her pale and harassed looks when he came, as she every moment expected he would, with an explanation.

As she stood at the window watching for him, she saw, at an earlier hour than is usual for visitors, the carriage of Mrs. Mansfield drive up to the door. She entered with her two daughters, all too brimfull of news they had to communicate, to notice the agitated countenance of Emily.

“ Well, my dear,” exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield, “ so your friend, Miss Hazlewood, is going to be married.”

“ To whom?” cried Emily, roused from her own anxiety by concern for her friend: “ not, I hope, lord Belville?”

“ No, indeed, my dear, a much better

match—our mutual friend, your favourite, Mrs. Nugent—dear, handsome, generous lord Clanalvon.”

Incredulity, for a moment, as a shield, warded off this blow from Emily’s heart; but as she listened, with breathless eagerness, to the details, the defence grew weaker and weaker.

“ I will tell you the particulars of how we know it and every thing,” said Mrs. Mansfield, with the consequential air of a person entranced with state affairs.—“ We had noticed his attentions as very marked, for he was ever in and out of the house, with some book or some song, or some loverly nonsense; and Maria has so much drollery, she was never from the window watching them.”

“ And I am sure,” interrupted Maria, called on for a witty observation, “ it was not to see Mrs. Hastings he went—such an old fright, with her grey hair!”

The mother smiled, and continued—“ Well, to make a long story short, he was never out of the house these six

weeks; and I was beginning to suspect, for if you had seen the loverly impatience till the door was opened, knocking ten times in a minute, and when he came out, tripping over every stone in the street."

"Oh, you would have died laughing," exclaimed Maria, "if you had seen him tripping over his dog! I am so glad we live opposite to her!"

"But yesterday," pursued the mother, "as usual, we saw him flying there all life and animation—song as usual—seeming to think he would never be up the steps. But in ten minutes, think how surprised we must have been! He flung open the door, and rushed out like a madman, wild with joy and agitation; and my Maria (always, you know, so good-natured—Maria is certainly the most kind-hearted creature on earth, as lady P— says), thinking something must be the matter, just threw a veil over her head, and ran across to speak to Cecilia Hazlewood. Maria, love, tell Emily, in your own droll way."

“ Oh, I declare you never saw any thing so funny : I could not tell whether she was laughing or crying, but her breast was heaving as if she was in convulsions : you never saw any thing so droll ! I could scarcely help laughing ; and only think, she had her face hid in the sofa. I was longing to see her blushes ; and you know her odd, familiar manner—you would have died laughing. She waved her hand at me, and, think how rude ! asked me why the servants let me in without asking her, and ran out of the room. Think how droll !”

“ I never heard,” said Mrs. Mansfield, “ of two creatures so agitated. I had a mind to ask lady Olivia the event of the éclaircissement, but, as I perceive, *entre nous*, that there is some drawback to their happiness, I thought it as well not. Among friends, Mrs. Nugent, it appears to me that some other affair, on one side or other, checks the marriage, and you wont mention it, of course. I have reason to think it is on his. But, Emily,

my dear ! my goodness ! my sweet girl ! I had no idea ! you are so pale ! I really thought it was only family friendship. My dear Emily, I beg your pardon. I had no idea, believe me. I beg your pardon, my love, ten thousand times."

The truant colour returned to the cheek of Emily, as raising her dark eyes, she coolly asked—" For what, ma'am ?"

These were the first words bordering on falsehood she had ever uttered, and though they were prompted by a feeling she herself approved, she blushed in speaking them. The modest dignity of her look and manner checked the " Dear, how droll !" on the lips of Miss Maria.

Mrs. Mansfield looked baffled and provoked, and remained silent.

" It is impossible," said Mrs. Nugent, gravely, " that we should not be deeply interested in the subject, from our intimate connexion with both parties ; but I believe your idea is groundless."

" But I believe not !" exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield and Maria in a breath, and

then entered into particulars, unable to bear that any one should know more of the affairs of a lord than they did. Among many proofs, one struck particularly to the heart of Emily.—“ Dear, it is impossible they are not to be married. Cecilia Hazlewood would not be so improper as to go on as she does, if they were not. It is certainly true. La, Jane! don’t you remember, last Thursday, when she was singing for him?”

“ When she frowned at us,” replied the sister, laughing, “ and seemed to think us so troublesome.”

“ She was singing that odious ‘ Maid of Selma.’ How I hate it! I have such a passion for Moore! Have not you, Emily? She has a fine voice, but I could point out a hundred places where she could ornament and does not. I don’t like her manner.”

“ Certainly Maria has more taste in music,” interrupted the mother.

“ And he was hanging over her,” continued Maria, “ as if every note went to

his heart—so droll!—and she gazing up at him—you know her way with him, and the eyes she puts on!"

"I could not help remarking," observed Miss Jane Mansfield, tittering, "how odd his handsome face looked, leaning over her, as if he thought she was an angel, and I am sure he looked more like one himself. Didn't he, Misy?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Maria. "It was so droll, you know, to see a man so much handsomer than a woman, and his fine auburn hair almost touching her nasty light hair; I hate light hair, you must know—and his clear, dark skin; one could not help noticing how pale and lifeless hers is; and his beautiful arched black eyebrows, and hers are so low—and his fine regular teeth; and that sweet look about the corners of his mouth, as if he was going to smile, even when he is not smiling:—one must see the difference when she sets her face up at him so—I am sure, she knows every feature and turn of his face by heart—she could

tell you how many hairs he has in those long eyelashes of his. La! what would I take to gaze in any man's face that way!"

She ran on uninterrupted, and almost unheard. Both Emily and Mrs. Nugent recollect ed, that on the day to which she alluded, Emily had been singing the same song for him ; and that scarcely had she finished it, when he hastily left her, as it now appeared, to hear it repeated by Cecilia. The fact was, that he had started away on the striking of the clock, announcing to him that he was an hour late for an appointment Cecilia had made with him, to hear her take her singing lesson, that she might have his opinion of her master. He had merely told them that he had an engagement, not wishing to mention the nature of it, on account of the observations to her disadvantage, respecting him, which he knew to be in circulation.

" I must say," said Mrs. Mansfield, " it is a great shame for him, after making such desperate love to Maria ; and to you

too, Emily, didn't he?" The indignant blood of Emily rose even to her temples.—" You need not blush, my dear. Nobody can say he has changed for the better; and so lady P—, and Mrs. F—, and every one, said, the other night. Every one wonders at him. She is not to be compared to either of you: but when he has jilted Maria Mansfield, I am sure, as Mrs. O— said, no woman need be ashamed of his doing the same by her."

This consolation served only to heighten the anger of Emily, but it seemed as if even this ungenial passion could not enter the pure region of her breast without some accompaniment of good: anger and indignation for a moment occupied the place of grief and disappointment, and prevented her exposing to Mrs. Mansfield the feelings which, had they burst on her in their full force, she might have been unable to conceal.

The Mansfields went, and Emily flew to lock herself into her own room, to conceal her feelings, even from her aunt.

The tears she then shed were the bitterest that had ever fallen from her eyes ; a new, unknown, indescribable feeling of agony filled her breast ; never before had that placid breast heaved with a tumultuous agony that defied the control of reason ; never had she before experienced that impetuosity of anguish which excludes the idea of happiness from every object but one endangered blessing ; never before had she felt the pang of self-reproach, which now mingled with her feelings, accusing them at one moment of a too-hasty conclusion against the faith and honour of a man lately beloved with such unclouded esteem—at another, of too much fond idolatry, in having placed too large a portion of her happiness in the power of earthly contingencies.

After a long and painful struggle, she at length attained a species of resignation, in which various feelings mingled ; among these were predominant the only source of true resignation, and a latent hope that the heart of Clonalvon, though wander-

ing, was not, could not, be really estranged from her. Gradually the agony of her countenance disappeared ; her fair brow regained its mild placidity, and her tearful eyes were serene, though no longer glancing the radiant lustre which, when her heart was at ease, diffused joy around her. A mild but settled sorrow took possession of every feeling that trembled on the borders of irritation and impatience. She felt sensible that she ought to form a resolution for which she had not yet sufficient firmness, and she went to seek strength in the affectionate counsels of her aunt.

Reading, in the countenance of Mrs. Nugent, a tender anxiety, of which delicacy forbade the expression, Emily advanced to kiss her, with a smile which sadly reminded her of the looks of her niece in happier days. She could not, in that moment, begin a conversation so agitating, but, in the evening, throwing one fair arm around the neck of Mrs. Nugent, she said—“ Our thoughts, dear aunt, I

know, are fixed on the one object, though neither of us have yet had courage to speak them. Mrs. Mansfield is not a woman who would tell an absolute falsehood, besides, our own observation must corroborate the principal part of what she said. Remember his agonized look last night—Oh, aunt! do I feel it with blameable intensity?" she added, in a suffocated voice.

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Nugent, "but we shall both become blameable, if you suffer inactively. I have for some weeks past felt that Clanlavon, to whom I once gladly trusted my child's happiness, is of a character too light, too weak, for such a mind as yours."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Emily, "he is not light—he is not weak—he is but unsteady—he suffers the object present to engross every feeling. In his neglect of me for Cecilia, he only rejoices in the power of giving her pleasure, without remembering that he gives me pain, or the disappointment, I think—dear aunt, may I

not say I hope?—he is preparing for her—he loves me at the bottom of his heart—I know he does; remember, last night, his agonized ‘oh, Emily!’ but from unsteadiness he is too often led into forgetfulness of that love. Cecilia has captivated his fancy—fascinating and amiable as she is, it is not wonderful; but he would be less happy with me than he would have been—many a sigh would be given to her memory, or at least I should fancy it. I could not, if we married under present circumstances, feel myself the wife of his free unconfined choice, as once I did.”

Tears made her last words almost inaudible; Mrs. Nugent silently clasped this earthly idol of her affections to her breast.—“From you,” said Emily, at length, “I need not conceal how much I loved him—he mingled in every feeling. Devotedly I loved him—too much, perhaps.” Emily blushed deeply, and dropping her head on her aunt’s shoulder, she continued—“And I am not ashamed of it; it is no selfish love; for I would rather this

moment give up the hope of ever more seeing him, than risk one thought of his ever turning to the idea, that he might have been happier had not honour bound him to me—he shall be free."

" You are right," my darling," said Mrs. Nugent; " but—" she paused.

" But," said Emily, " I cannot see him—I cannot speak what I have to say—I could not command my emotion; and the same weakness in his disposition which has beguiled him from me, would lead him back; and on those terms I cannot receive him. I must write, and had better do it instantly; for if fuller conviction reached me, perhaps I could not; even now I feel very ill," she added, putting her hand to her forehead.

Her aunt, who feared by caresses to awaken her sensibility, gazed on her in silence, and quietly arranged the writing materials. As Emily took the pen from her hand, she held it back a moment, and said—" My Emily, we have one point yet

to consider—we now both indulge the hope that he will voluntarily renew the ties from which you free him; but if—"

"But if," said Emily, firmly, "he should not do so, I shall bear it better—much better, than the doubt that I hold him by honour only."

Her letter was as follows:—

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"If you look back on the events of the last month, and particularly the last week, and if you thoroughly understand my character, what I have now to say cannot be wholly unexpected. To deny that I have loved you, dearly loved you, would be an affectation unworthy equally of you and of myself; you were every way entitled to the undivided heart of the woman distinguished by your love; and no rank or wealth, you well know, could have tempted me to promise my hand where my heart was not already bestowed. I believe that you also sincerely and fondly loved me—no other motive

could have determined your choice to me ; but recent circumstances have given me too much reason to think that much of your affection for me has been led away to other objects ; if this be true—if you are bound to me by no stronger ties than that of our mutual engagement, and your consciousness of my affection for you, those ties are broken at your wish. Clan-alvon, you are free, as if no such engagement, no such attachment, had ever existed—free to make a new choice, even though I should not be the object of it.

“ EMILY NUGENT.”

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As she finished writing, the pen fell from her hand, a deadly paleness crept over her cheeks, and her whole frame trembled. Mrs. Nugent rose to support her ; but in a few minutes raising her head, with a faint smile she said—“ It is only weakness, dearest aunt ; I know that his answer will be such as to restore me to perfect happiness ; but I am ill—very ill,

and that disposes me to see the darkest side of things."

Her aunt insisted on her going immediately to bed, and, while undressing her, communicated to her the plan she had arranged, with which Emily perfectly accorded. She proposed to set off for Riversdale early the next morning, leaving the letter to be delivered after their departure.

When Clanlavon passed Emily the preceding night, his mind was in all the irritating tumult of self-reproach; the harmony of her smile and voice, the unconscious cheerfulness of her address, and her hand affectionately extended to his—all wrought up his feelings to a pitch of agony almost amounting to phrenzy; she loved him, and rejoiced to meet him, as the deserving partner of her heart, while a few hours might bring to her knowledge what would teach her to abhor and despise him; he had wantonly thrown away at the gaming-table money which was the right of the distressed father of a numerous family, and that family one towards

whom he had seen her exert such endearing acts of charity. He had, in the blind infatuation of his vanity, suffered himself to be considered the lover of another—had cherished in a young and innocent heart a hopeless attachment—and, perhaps, raised against Emily all the enmity of rivalry in the bosom of her favourite friend.

In these self-accusations he overlooked every better motive which had misled him, and charged himself as bitterly as if they were the foreseen effects of determined wickedness; while the words he had once addressed to Emily thrilled upon his heart—“ Consider every fault I commit as a violation of my love for you;” and as he pressed her unconscious image to his lips, he scarcely ventured to whisper the name of its injured original.

In despairing agonies the night was passed; but as the morning advanced, he became somewhat more composed, and determined on repairing, as far as yet remained in his power, his late errors, by

exerting himself immediately, and before he should see Emily, for the discharge of his debt to Murphy; for this purpose it was necessary he should go to sir James Gray.

Touched by his real grief and penitence, this kind friend promised to assist his endeavours to raise the money; instead of his usual animadversions on his conduct, he told him that he saw plainly that experience, and not advice, must set him right, and he perceived by his countenance that it was beginning to work.—“I had hoped,” added the good man, “to have applied a gentler remedy to your errors; but all will end well yet—your mother and your youth have been more in fault than your head or your heart.”

Clanlavon then went to the prisoner, and by his promises of speedy liberation, and every exertion on his part, gave a more solid, but not more real consolation to Murphy and his wife, than they received from the cordial sweetness of his manner, and the kind solicitude with

which he thought of every thing that could render their present situation less uncomfortable during the hours they must remain in it.

Those in the higher classes who neglect the graces of manner, are highly censurable, for throwing away one of the powers committed to them for the happiness of others, particularly in Ireland, where the pride and sensibility of the national character render the manner of doing a kindness often a source of greater pleasure than the favour conferred.

“ Well, at any rate, John,” said the wife, when their young patron was gone, “ if you are in a prison, the king of England could not have more fuss and more elegance about him, nor a finer young nobleman after him, thanks to that dear angel, that is always in good, even when harm comes of it !”

• But he now left them only to attend to their business—to Emily he could not bear to go; he had heard that she, on the mo-

ment of Murphy's imprisonment, of which she was informed by his daughter, had provided every necessary for the family—had gone with her aunt to see the children—had left a servant to take care of them—had been, in short, the guardian angel of the family, of which he believed himself the destroyer; and he could not bear that those eyes once beaming on him with admiring affection, should now seek to avoid his. He thought that when these objects of her pity were no longer suffering through him, he might see her, but till then he could not think of doing so.

But agitated and anxious as was his mind, he entered into and completed the business for Murphy with as much zeal and activity as if he had no other care. Next morning Clanlavon had the happiness of seeing him restored to his family, by his exertions, united with those of sir James; and reassured by their blessings, he proceeded to the house of Mrs. Nugent, determined to relate all to her and Emily: but his knock did not bring Emily

to the window, to assure him, by a smile, of his welcome. The window-shutters were closed ; and after long waiting, a female servant opened the door ; the distracted state of his nerves made every thing inspire him with dread, and his manly frame trembled through every fibre, as he inquired for Mrs. Nugent.

“ They left town at six o’clock this morning, my lord,” replied the maid.

“ Left town !” he repeated—“ where are they gone ? when do they return ? is there no letter for me ?”

“ Yes, my lord,” said the woman, producing a packet ; “ I intended to go up with it by-and-by ; it is to Riversdale they are gone, my lord. The mistress wrote to give up the house last night, for I have the letter in my pocket.”

Clanalvon opened the parlour-door, and threw himself on a seat by the dinner-table, where Emily had so often smiled by his side ; he tried to believe that the letter directed by her hand contained only a kind farewell, and that they had been

hurried from town by sudden business; yet it was long before he could break the seal. The sight of his own picture at once informed him of the contents—every word appeared to him to express a knowledge of his faults, and a desire to be free; he thought she had heard of his visit to the gaming-table, and felt his not having himself confessed it to her, was proof that she had lost an affection which she no longer wished to retain.

So long had she been twined in every thought as his better self—so long had he felt his life, as his heart, irrevocably devoted to her—his fate mingled in hers, that this letter seemed like the sundering of the ties which unite soul and body. A stupefaction, an incredulity of grief, for a time deprived him of every faculty. Emily gone! Emily no longer his affianced bride!—his mind could scarcely receive the idea! but as he read the letter over and over again, the impetuous sensibility of his nature revived in fatal force. All his late errors—Cecilia—the gaming-table—rose

in magnified array before him.—“ And could I have desired a continuance of her love!” he wildly exclaimed; “ no, no—Emily is too pure, too perfect, too heavenly, to attach herself to one so guilty, so unprincipled—she must have been less perfect. No, she is free—‘ Her attachment,’ she says, ‘ no longer forms a tie between her and me;’ and I will not draw her back into an engagement which, I should long since have seen, she must wish to dissolve; though, if she knew my misery, she would alleviate it. But no—since her attachment no longer forms a tie between us, she is free.”

Thus did he rave in agonized despair for several hours, but at length returning reason led him home. Reason did not there long hold her empire; indignant, offended pride, affected lady Clanalvon, as sorrow had done her too-susceptible boy. She too raved, but in a very different manner; her exclamations were all against Emily, who had, she said, deserted him in a manner equally cruel and decided;

her irritated pride even led her to exclaim —“ It is not wonderful; the beautiful admired Emily Nugent may justly expect a higher match than even an earl of Clan-alvon under your present circumstances.”

Such an insinuation could make no impression on the mind of Clanalvon, but drew from him a look of more anger than any personal injury could have induced him to cast on his mother. She alternately wept over her “ darling injured child,” and inflicted on his heart the deepest of all pangs, in violent censures of Emily; while he imputed, and wished every other person to impute, their separation wholly to his own faults.

But while he exculpated her, he was, as usual, more influenced by his feelings than his judgment; he loved her too well to endure the idea of her being wrong; while, in fact, had her conduct been in reality what he conceived it to be—a breach of her engagement with him, on account of errors from which her influence, and hers alone, might in future preserve him, it

would have been cold, heartless, and ungenerous.

Olivia, who generally saw as her brother saw, viewed the letter and disappearance of Emily as he did, and, like him, because she loved her, saw nothing to condemn.

Elizabeth alone stood firm against the torrent of their feelings ; she entered fully both into the purport of the letter, and the motives which dictated it—admired the propriety of her conduct—and grieved for the anguish with which she knew it was accompanied. The despair of her brother convinced her, that she had been mistaken in her idea of a division of his sentiments in favour of Miss Hazlewood, and, convinced that nothing was requisite to a perfect reconciliation between him and Emily, but mutual explanation, she earnestly sought her mother's permission to follow her to Riversdale. This however was denied with impetuous vehemence—“Would she debase her brother, by making him pursue with solicitations the wo-

man who had deserted him—deserted him, too, the moment his fortune became entangled? Emily had no heart—even could she be recovered, she could never be the partner of a warm, generous soul, like his. There was one heart indeed worthy of him, and that he had repulsed, from love of the ungrateful Emily. She wondered why his sister should wish him to persevere in throwing away the exalted happiness which courted him, by the vain pursuit of—she must say—the far inferior happiness which was lost."

From Clanlavon and Olivia, Elizabeth met equal opposition., He said, and Olivia echoed his sentiments—" I would stoop to the dust for one hope of regaining her affection, but I know it would lessen me yet farther in her opinion—she would feel me presumptuously unconscious of my own unworthiness. I know her high sense of duty—her pious wish to recall a wanderer back to the paths of rectitude—her pity for the anguish of my disappointment—all would recall her to

me if I sought her; but oh, *Lizzy*! loving her as I love, can I accept her on terms like these? even her heart, had I preserved it, could not confer happiness without her esteem. But *Emily* is too pure, too holy, too good, to love where she no longer esteems."

Elizabeth saw that if she could at any time carry her point, feelings were as yet too embittered to press it farther at present; but what she could do, she did—she wrote with the utmost tenderness to *Mrs. Nugent*, explaining *Clandalvon's* unabated attachment, his despair, and the self-humiliation which prevented his following or writing to *Emily*, and entreating her to return such an answer as would reconcile him to himself sufficiently to give him courage once more to seek that happiness, which, precious as it always was, was now, if possible, more dearly valued than ever; but desiring her, if she must give an answer unfavourable to her hopes, to defer it a few days, as in her brother's

present state it would entirely overwhelm him.

This last, though a prudent, was an unfortunate precaution. Lady Clanlavon, on entering Elizabeth's apartment, had observed she was writing, and from the tears which stood in her eyes, conjectured to whom. She did not like entering into altercation with her on a subject on which they so widely differed, and on which, perhaps, conscience might whisper her, that lady Elizabeth's opinions were more just than her own, and hastily retired to deliberate in her own mind what was to be done; her 'first' business was to determine that the letter should not go; the second, to furnish herself with arguments to reconcile her conscience to what she was resolved to do; and the third, to consider what was the means to stop the letter with least commotion in the family. On this head she reasoned, that if she peremptorily commanded Lizzy not to write, her pertinacity in adhering to what she

felt a duty both to her brother and friend, would necessarily occasion great general disturbance, and great agitation to the feelings of her already too-much-afflicted boy; but as she, as a mother, had a right to command, and it was her daughter's duty to obey, she was fully authorized to produce the effect of this right, and this obedience, by means less liable to inconvenience; and concluded by demanding the letters from the servant entrusted to put them in the post-office, and taking from the parcel that addressed by lady Elizabeth to Mrs. Nugent, put it into the fire, without the knowledge of any individual of the family.

Day after day, Elizabeth in vain expected the desired answer; and, inferring from her own concluding paragraph, that when an answer did arrive, it would be one to blast all her hopes, she gradually ceased her expostulations with her brother on the subject, and only joined his other friends in efforts to remove the dreadful depression of his spirits.

One evening, about three weeks after the Nugents left town, Clanalvon, at the request of his family and Robert Howard, consented to accompany the latter to a concert, to which all had been invited, but which Elizabeth was prevented attending, by the necessity of remaining with her mother, who had perseveringly fretted herself into a nervous attack ; for, with her usual exaggeration of feeling, she lamented Clanalvon's happiness as irretrievably destroyed, while, with her usual petulant irritability, she had prevented the only measure which could restore it.

It was the first time he had entered company since Emily was gone, and he felt himself almost in a dream. On her his thoughts were fixed—fancy had painted the idolized form before him, when a deep, though suppressed sigh, aroused him from his reverie—it was Cecilia Hazlewood, who, merely bowing without raising her eyes, turned another way. Clanalvon instinctively followed her, but, his mind too preoccupied to consider what he

should say on this first meeting since her almost-avowal of attachment, he remained silent, and she did not look at or speak to him, though she could not command strength of mind to address another. Her cheek was deadly pale, her lips perceptibly quivered, and her downcast eyes were robbed of all their lustre.

Clanlavon felt his situation so awkward, as well as painful, that it was with joy he found his attention forcibly drawn away.—“*La!* now, lord Clanlavon,” exclaimed Miss Maria Mansfield, touching his arm with her fan, “it is so droll to see you standing there like a statue, that used to be so gay! You look half-dead—and so am I really quite dead, in earnest, almost, the heat is so dreadful; I am dying to get a breath of air on the staircase.”

Gladly Clanlavon seized her offered hand, and pressed his way with her through the crowd to the lobby. As he stood there, with his back to the descending stairs, endeavouring to keep up something like conversation, and Maria chiding him for

his absence, she struck him with her fan, to rouse his attention ; attempting playfully to recede from the weapon, he trod back, so as entirely to lose his footing, and fall to the bottom of the flight of stairs. He rose instantly unhurt, but not till Maria had filled the rooms with her shrieks—“ Lord Clanalvon is killed !”

It reached Cecilia’s ears ; and as he was beginning an apology to Miss Mansfield for his awkwardness, a young man, coming from the adjoining room, laughingly pushed him into it, saying, he did not know what happiness awaited him. As he entered, he heard Cecilia’s voice, exclaiming, almost in shrieks—“ Where is he—where is he ?” and he saw her flying through the dividing crowd, until she perceived him, when, with increased velocity, she sprung forward, and fainted in his arms.

Mrs. Hastings, Robert Howard, and a very few other good-natured persons, gathering round, attempted to shelter her from the observation of the company, but

the moment of her recovery rendered all their precautions vain ; with ungoverned vehemence she clung to him, called on his name, and, sinking her head on his shoulder, gave way to an hysterical burst of sobbing.

Hands with proffered salts, fans, and lavender-water, crowded round them. The young men laughed—" Well done, Miss Hazlewood"—" Clanalyon's a happy fellow," &c. &c. Some of the Misses tittered, and wondered any girl could be so forward—others, with good-natured curiosity, and some not without blushes, asked—" Was she engaged to him?" The matrons " hoped he would take the poor thing"—" would have died for shame, if it had happened to their daughters"—" nothing better could be expected from her sentimental airs." Miss Maria Mansfield declared, it was the funniest thing she ever saw in her life; and her mamma now perceived the arts that had lured him away from her Maria.

Clanalyon felt more alive to friendly

shame for her, than tenderness towards her; and perhaps embarrassment for the painful awkwardness of his own situation was almost as powerful as either; he was gently endeavouring to aid Mrs. Hastings in placing her on a sofa, when the observation—"Poor thing! she must hide herself in a nunnery, for she never can shew her face in the world again," drew from his eyes an indignant glance, and from his lips the words which sealed his fate—"She will next shew it as countess of Clanalvon."

The grateful pressure of her trembling hands—the thrill of strong emotion, which he felt vibrate through her whole frame, first struck back on his heart the import of this engagement. Eager to escape from her, from himself, from every thing, he hastily procured a chair, and having placed her in it, walked by her side, until it conveyed her home. To a mind as modest as hers naturally was, his whole manner would have told that the circumstance of the moment, and not the choice of his

heart, had drawn forth the instantly-repenting vow; but, as has been already observed, she cast her whole soul so entirely into any one feeling that interested her, that she had not a faculty at liberty for any other.

Persons who display more than ordinary sensibility, are frequently accused of affectation; its exercise is so irregular and so precarious, that it is not easy to believe the reality of its existence; but this irregularity is much more commonly occasioned by too much indulgence of the feelings, than by their absence or insufficiency. The feelings which relate to self are more near to each individual, than those which have reference to others; and those which relate to self are more alive to the present impulse which immediately acts on them, than to one even more powerful itself, but less present at the moment. Hence those who suffer the *first* impulse to be the *only one*, though they may be feeling, that is, sensitive characters, and may, in theory, be even bene-

volent, must, of necessity, be selfish, and insensible to many of the considerations which cannot escape the more widely-extended feelings of well-regulated sensibility.

It was long ere Clanlavon could calm his distracted feelings sufficiently to reflect on what had passed. He could scarcely receive the idea, that he was about to become the husband of another than Emily Nugent; so lately had he been her happy lover, beloved by her, and looking forward to the time when she would be his wife—so rapid had been the change, so indistinct, so unexpected, that he felt as if in a frightful dream.

Morning dawned without his perceiving it; he had not yet lain down, but was still endeavouring to recollect all, every word, and consider, was it indeed true? when the gentle tap of Olivia at his door, and her voice asking admission, awakened a new train of feeling—how should he inform his mother and sisters of the event? He told Olivia he could not yet let her in,

desiring her to send his servant ; he then wrote to Robert Howard, saying he could not meet his family until he came, to relate to them all that had passed the preceding evening.

Howard instantly obeyed the summons, and in a few minutes came to Clanalvon's room, to tell him that they were now acquainted with the circumstances, and to desire him to join them.

“ With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye,” lady Clanalvon seemed as if elated pride, sad recollection of her favourite Emily, triumph in the brilliant conquest of her son, and sorrow for the anguish which attended it, were at once agitating her breast. Elizabeth’s placid brow spoke melancholy reflection, with which no sentiment of pleasure mingled ; and tears, which seemed the natural accompaniment of her dejected countenance, were withheld by the depth of thought ; but tears flowed abundantly from the bright eyes of Olivia, as throwing her

arms around his neck, she exclaimed—  
“ What a glorious sacrifice! dear, generous victim! my darling—darling brother!”

His mother also advanced, all the joy of her countenance checked by the expression of his, and drawing him to a seat, she kissed his forehead, saying—“ Lost to what you considered your only happiness, you should rejoice, my love, in the power of blessing one so lovely, so devotedly attached.” Again the smile of triumph played on her lip, as she recollect ed how much there was in that attachment to gratify maternal vanity.

“ Such a display of attachment,” said Howard, “ from a girl so perfectly modest as Miss Hazlewood, must secure the heart of any man whose heart is disengaged.”

“ Whose heart is disengaged!” repeated Clan alvon, in a tone of agony.

“ His is not disengaged,” said Elizabeth, solemnly; “ yet, as he has incautiously encouraged this attachment in Ce-

cilia Hazlewood's breast, he owes her as much reparation as circumstances permit. If his feelings are in the smallest degree averse to her, marriage, instead of a reparation, would be added wrong."

"They are not averse to her," interrupted her mother, eagerly; "had his heart been free when he met her, she would have been the object of his choice."

"That may be," replied Elizabeth; "but neither his feelings nor hers are to be alone considered—he has yet no certainty that Emily has given him up."

The general voice now declared that this was but too certain.

"She has left him free," she continued, "from the bonds of honour—free to make a new choice, *even* though she should not be the object of it—we are not yet certain that it is not her dearest wish to be that object."

"I will go to her instantly!" exclaimed Clanalvon, starting up.

"Stop!" said his mother, and throwing her arm round his neck to detain him, she

represented to him the necessity of taking some decided step with respect to Cecilia, that very day—she must not be left to the doubtful issue of a visit, which must occupy three days at least. Honour demanded, she said, that he should immediately act consistently with the engagement made last night, or acknowledge to her that it was only a kind fraud, to shield her from the shame she had brought on herself by the too-open display of her attachment to him.

“ I will do so,” he cried ; “ agonizing as such a declaration would be, I will make it, rather than relinquish one, the most distant hope of obtaining Emily.”

He burst impetuously from the arms of his mother, but was detained by Elizabeth. The unanswered letter rushed upon her mind ; that it had miscarried she could scarcely believe, as in their former residences in town, while Emily was at Riversdale, she had constantly corresponded with her, and no letter had ever missed, or met delay. If Emily was indeed lost

to him, which she had strong reason to think, she knew that in Cecilia alone could he find any compensation ; his honour too, which in Elizabeth's breast stood nearest to rectitude, was deeply compromised. Time would explain every thing; but time, on the present occasion, was not to be obtained. She knew not how to act, or what to think—circumstances so untoward had unsettled even her clear, unswerving mind, unbiassed as it was by passion or prejudice.

END OF VOL. I.

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